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THROUGH
CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.



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THROUGH CLOUD AND
SUNSHINE.

BY
E. G. S A R G E N T.

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I.

THROUGH CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

‘The Lord shall guide thee continually.’—ISAIAH lviii. 11.

‘THROUGH cloud and sunshine, Lord, be Thou my Stay !
And lead me safely on life’s desert way.
‘To seek the promised land—th’ Eternal Home,
Without Thine aid ’twere vain for me to roam.

O let no night of sorrow, pain and fear,
E’er be so dark—no fire to guide and cheer !
Let no bright day e’er be so dazzling bright—
Without the heaven-sent cloud to guide aright !

Be Thou my hiding-place when storms may fall,
My strength, my joy, my light, my hope, my all !
Thus while I journey on life’s desert way,
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, be Thou my Stay !

II.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

‘The Father seeketh such to worship Him.’—JOHN iv. 23.

O SINNER, conscious of thy sin
And longing to be free,
Hear thou the voice that bids thee hope—
The Father seeketh thee.

O penitent, who much hast sinned,
 Thou art forgiven much ;
 Go, bathe thy Saviour's feet with tears—
 The Father seeketh such.

O prodigal in far-off land,
 Thy home thou fain wouldst see ;
 Let this sweet thought plead thy return—
 The Father seeketh thee.

O thou, who earnestly dost strive
 The garment's hem to touch,
 Thy faith shall have a rich reward—
 The Father seeketh such.

Come worship at Emmanuel's feet,
 Sincere and trustful be ;
 And seeking Him thou sure shalt find
 The Father seeketh thee.

III.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

‘ Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.’
 HEBREWS x. 25.

LET us forsake not our gathering together ;
 Let us commune with each other to-day,
 Join in one anthem the voice of our heart-songs,
 Strong in our prayers while united we pray.

Let us forsake not our gathering together ;
 Even the blind may the blind sometimes guide,
 Helping the weakling and soothing the weary,
 Succouring the tempted and cheering the tried.

Let us forsake not our gathering together ;
 Those who neglect thus to wait on the Lord
 Lose much of the joy which He gives His beloved,
 And miss many blessings His house doth afford.

Let us be constant in gathering together ;
 By closer communion our joys will increase.
 The Saviour will come where disciples assemble,
 Revealing His presence and breathing His peace.

Let us be eager to gather together,
 When Christ to His table invites us draw near ;
 'Twill strengthen our faith and prepare us for conflict,
 To feast with our Lord and partake of His cheer.

Let us prepare for our gathering together,
 When in the end we shall meet by-and-by,
 Where there are pleasures eternal and holy,
 Where in His presence there's fulness of joy.

IV.

ZION FOR THE RANSOMED.

' They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall
 flee away. — ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

SIGHING shall flee away
 When we to Zion come,
 And sorrow never shall appear
 In our Eternal Home.

God shall remove the tear
 From every weeping eye ;
 Nor pain nor grief shall e'er be known
 In that bright land on high.

Gladness shall be our lot,
 And joy fill every breast,
 When faith shall all be lost to sight,
 And labour crowned with rest.

The Saints of God shall dwell
 In His own Royal Home,
 When ransomed by Redeeming love
 From toils of Earth they come.

In Mansions He hath made
 We shall for ever live,
 And perfect peace and holy rest
 Our Father-God will give.

Then let us watch and pray,
 And to the end endure,
 And seek His guidance day by day
 To make our calling sure.

V.

A LESSON FROM DANIEL.

‘ But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.’—DANIEL xii. 13.

Go thou thy way, the words are sealed ;
 Much has already been revealed ;
 But see thou ask no more.
 Let thy faith rest on what is known :
 The secret things are God’s alone.
 Be silent and adore.

Go thou thy way : thy way has been
 Faithful and true, and God hath seen

And well approved thy life.
Thy path has been a shining light,
Through sin and darkness beaming bright,
A beacon 'mid the strife !

Go thou thy way, for thou shalt rest :
Thy lot shall stand for ever blest
 Whene'er the days may end.
Follow the paths of truth and peace,
And whether life or worlds shall cease,
Thy God shall be thy Friend.

VI.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

'Let there be light.'—GENESIS i. 3.

O THOU, the Fountain of all light,
We bow before Thy throne ;
We bless Thee for the Light of Life,
And nature's darkness own.

Our great Creator and our God,
Who doest all things right,
When all was gloom and chaos here,
Thy word commanded 'Light.'

The firmament which Thou had'st made,
Thy great commandment heard ;
The glorious sun shed forth his beams,
And darkness disappeared.

And when gross darkness all around,
Moral and mental reigned ;
And every nation of the earth
With sin and guilt was stained ;

In fulness of Thine own good time,
There dawned the vision bright—
When in the person of Thy Son
Thou saidst, ‘ Let there be light.’

Light of the world, our Saviour dear,
May we Thy followers be,
That in our lives reflected clear,
The world Thy Light may see.

For there is darkness on the earth,
And sin and guilt to-day.
O Sun of Righteousness arise,
And chase the gloom away !

Let men behold the Light of Life
Which Christ alone can give,
And bending low beneath the Cross,
Look and believe and live.

To Thee, the Fountain of all Light,
We fervently do pray,
That in our hearts and minds and souls
There may be light to-day.

VII.

FAITH, PRAYER AND LOVE.

‘Keep yourselves in the love of God.’—JUDE 21.

KEEP us from falling, Lord,
By Thine almighty power ;
For in ourselves no strength we boast ;
We need Thee every hour.

Help us our lives to build
On our most holy faith—
That faith which owns a risen Lord,
And triumphs in His death.

Give us the Holy Ghost
To animate our prayers,
To make our hearts’ petitions known
To the great God who hears ;

That we may keep ourselves
In the sweet love of God,
And fail not, faint not on the way
Of life’s uncertain road.

The mercy of our Lord,
Our Saviour and our King,
Shall be our song while here below,
And peace and joy shall bring.

And to eternal life
That mercy sure shall last,
Shall be our triumph and our boast
When earthly joys are past.

VIII.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

'My peace I give unto you.'—JOHN xiv. 27.

IT passeth thought, that wondrous peace,
The peace that knows no bound,
That fills the heart with light and joy,
When all is dark around ;

The peace which from its source Divine
Doth like a river flow :
To satisfy the deep desires
Which thirsting spirits know.

Not as the world bestows its gifts,
With slack, begrudging hand,
But freely, fully, tenderly,
Doth Christ His peace command.

Earth cannot give such joy as this,
Nor can it take away
The peace which in the soul abides,
Where Christ Himself doth stay.

'Mid storms and waves of earth-born strife
Of sin and wrong and ill,
The Saviour on the vessel stands,
Commanding 'Peace, be still !'

'Then sorrow not, thou troubled heart,
Let fretful murmurings cease ;
Lean on thy loving Saviour's breast,
And hear Him whisper 'Peace !'

IX.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

‘Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’—MATTHEW xxv. 21.

ASSIST us, Lord, that even here below
We may ‘Thy joy in all its fulness know.
Help us to labour for our neighbours’ weal,
And by our love some wounded hearts to heal.

To wipe the tear of sorrow, and to share
The burden heavier than one can bear ;
To tread the path of love our Saviour trod,
And enter thus into the joy of God.

If we have bread to spare, help us to give
With open hand, that needy men may live ;
And from the lowliest within Thy fold
The cup of water never to withhold.

Water of Life, and Bread of Life from Heaven,
May these through us to dying souls be given ;
And witnessing the bliss such gifts afford,
Grant us to share the joy of our blest Lord.

May we by deeds of love and sacrifice,
By walking truly in the steps of Christ,
By earnest labour in the Gospel field,
Ensure the joy Thy service here doth yield.

And when this life shall close and labour cease,
May willing service end in perfect peace ;
As, hearing the ‘well done !’ Thy lips accord,
We rise to be ‘For ever with the Lord !’

X.

CONSTANT PRAYER.

‘Praying always, with all prayer and supplication.’
EPHESIANS vi. 18.

LET us pray, for prayer is needed—
We are needy, one and all—
Pray for Heavenly strength and wisdom,
Grace to hold us lest we fall.

Let us pray for friend and neighbour,
For the poor and the oppressed,
For the sick and for the dying,
For the mourning and distressed.

Let us pray for all the nations—
Christian Church and heathen land ;
Pray that all may know the Saviour,
And His Gospel understand.

Let us pray for Christ’s apostles
Who proclaim the joyful sound,
That with boldness and with wisdom
They may tell it all around.

Let us pray—for prayer is precious :
Comfort to the soul it brings ;
Holy unction from the Father,
Borne to us on angels’ wings.

Let us pray—prayer is availing
Which from fervent souls arise.
Prayer unceasing, never failing,
Moves the Power that rules the skies.

By-and-by when prayers are ended,
 And we close our earthly days,
 In one glorious song of triumph
 All our prayers will turn to praise.

Let us, then, with grateful spirit,
 At the blessed mercy-seat,
 Raise our hearts and voices heavenward,
 And in prayer the Father greet.

He will hear the supplication
 Which we raise to Him to-day;
 Therefore, as we bow before Him,
 True and fervent 'Let us pray.'

XI.

THE ATONEMENT.

'Made nigh by the blood of Christ.'—EPHESIANS ii. 13.

WHAT wondrous love and majesty Divine
 Around the Cross in radiant glory shine!
 Behold and marvel at the matchless grace
 Beaming 'mid anguish on the Saviour's face.
 See Jesus suffering thus upon the Tree,
 And let each soul exclaim 'It was for me.'

O Christ! who thus the penalty didst pay
 Of deadly guilt which to our charges lay,
 Let faith accept this perfect Sacrifice,
 And blood-washed souls to holy life arise;
 Let wakened sinners answer to the call,
 And at thy Cross may every burden fall.

At one with God who were far off through sin,
 May ransomed sinners the new life begin,
 And finding former gains to be but loss,
 Proclaim the power and beauty of the Cross ;
 Then, clinging ever closer to Thy side,
 May nought the Saviour from the soul divide.

Teach us to realize the blessed thought
 That justice is appeased and freedom bought ;
 That we, brought nigh by Thine own precious blood,
 Are welcomed and accepted by our God,
 Made meet to be partakers of His bliss,
 And in His likeness see Him as He is.

XII.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

‘Why stand ye here idle ? . . . go ye into the vineyard.’
 MATTHEW xx. 6, 7.

THE sun is rising o’er the hills, and the vineyards need
 our care ;

O let us stand not idly by, but to the fields repair.

There are seeds to sow, and vines to train, and the olive
 trees to prune ;

While the day is young let the work be done, for we
 cannot be too soon.

The sun is high in the heavens now, there is need for
 labour still ;

Come join at once the busy throng toiling on plain and
 hill.

The Master needs thy service now, and the work requires
thine aid ;

Do all ye can for the good of man, nor of danger be
afraid.

The sun is sinking in the west, but the work is not yet
done ;

There is fruit to gather and corn to reap ere the setting
of the sun ;

There is need for thee ere the twilight fades to garner
the sheaves so bright :

Make no delay, but come away, for soon it will be night.

The day is gone, the work is o'er, and the Master reckoneth
now,

And the willing servant who toiled all day while the
hot sun smote his brow,

And those who came in the noontide heat, and those
who came at eve—

Each faithful heart who hath done his part rich blessing
shall receive.

For O what joy to hear the word which the Master
doth bestow

On all who worked, whether soon or late, in the harvest-
field below :

‘ Well done, thou servant good and true, come thou
to thy reward ;

Thou hast toiled for Me, and I give to thee the joy of thy
risen Lord.’

XIII.

UNTIL THE EVENING.

‘Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.’—PSALM civ. 23.

UNTIL the evening draweth near,
Man labours on ’mid hope and fear,
 Then comes the hour of rest.
Lord, teach us so to know our days
That all our work may speak Thy praise,
 And all our toil be blest.

The day is short, its hours are few ;
Help us that all we have to do,
 Be promptly, nobly done ;
That no reproach disturb our breast,
Of deeds undone, when in the west
 We mark the setting sun.

Our life is but a little day,
Which passeth all too soon away,
 Giving short time for toil.
Let not temptation make us fail,
Nor sloth and indolence prevail,
 And our best talents spoil.

Lord, give us grace that we may be
Devoted to Thy work and Thee,
 And earnest while we live ;
That when we close our earthly course,
We from Thine own exhaustless source
 Rich blessing may receive.

‘Until the evening’ let us work,
Nor labour dread nor duty shirk;
 The night will not be long.
Then day shall dawn and shadows flee,
And rest and peace be found in Thee,
 And Heaven’s eternal song.

XIV.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

‘I go to prepare a place for you.’—JOHN xiv. 2.

ETERNITY! Eternity!

 What perfect joy is this?
To dwell in light of endless day,
 In realms of heavenly bliss!

Our finite minds can scarce conceive
 That everlasting peace
Which waits us in the land of love,
 Where clouds and sorrows cease.

Our pleasures here are mixed with pain,
 And day gives place to night:
There pain and care shall be no more,
 But rest and love and light.

Our Saviour doth prepare the place
 Where our abode shall be,
Safe in the loving Father’s house
 Through all eternity.

But for that home which Christ prepares
 We must make ready too.
Then let our faith be strong and clear,
 Our lives be pure and true;

That when He comes to call His own,
We may with joy receive
The summons to ascend on high,
And in His presence live.

XV.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

‘He knoweth the way that I take.’—JOB xxiii. 10.

THOU knowest the way that we take,
Thou seest the path which we tread ;
Thy wisdom directs our frail steps,
By Thy gentle hand we are led.

Thy providence rules over all ;
Thy bounty prepares us our food ;
Thy power protects us from ill,
And shows us the way that is good.

’Tis strange that the love of Thy heart
Should thus to poor sinners extend,
That those who are weak and defiled
Are granted to call Thee their Friend.

We bless Thee that such is Thy love,
Unbounded, enduring and free,
Surpassing the friendships of earth
As raindrops compare to the sea.

Whate’er be our pathway below,
Whatever on earth may betide,
We’re sure that our Father doth know—
Jehovah Himself is our guide.

It may be Thy wisdom and love
 Pain, peril or trial will send.
 We'll trust Thee, come sunshine or cloud ;
 We'll trust Thee right on to the end.

XVI.

THE UNIVERSAL KING.

'The Lord reigneth.'—PSALM xcix. 1.

THERE *is* a God who reigns above,
 Whose power, unseen, is active still ;
 Whose every thought of us is love ;
 Who rules with firm, yet gentle will.
 The world of nature owns His sway,
 And heaven doth His behests obey.

Earth, sun and moon at His command
 Came into being, and remain ;
 And stars as countless as the sand,
 Their order and their place maintain.
 We own His power, and joyful sing,
 'The Lord Omnipotent is King.'

His Word, supreme and infinite,
 Our lives and destinies doth guide ;
 Then let us trust the God of love
 And rest in Him whate'er betide :
 Our weakness, leaning on His strength,
 Will gain sure victory at length.

Through changing scenes and fading years,
 While friends depart and earth decays,

Our triumph shall be strong and full,
 As to our God our hopes we raise,
 And with our hearts and voices sing,
 'Jehovah reigns, our God is King!'

XVII.

THE DIVINE CALL.

'I will send thee, that thou mayest bring forth My people.'
 EXODUS iii. 10.

God calls to duty stern,
 And lofty enterprise.
 May we no service spurn,
 But at His call arise.
 Jehovah in the bush of fire
 With strength will our weak hearts inspire.

Whate'er the work may be,
 Howe'er unfit or frail,
 If He commission us,
 We cannot faint or fail.
 No obstacle can aught afford,
 Too big to conquer through the Lord!

Not in our own poor strength,
 But in His power and might,
 The duty we must face,
 And arm us for the fight.
 Our foes are near on every hand,
 And vigilance and prayer demand.

Rise up and come away,
 Earth's bright allurements leave;

Forsake all selfish rest,
 And His command receive.
 The call to duty now obey,
 Nor let false friendship tempt to stay.

The service may seem hard,
 Too great for us to do ;
 But He who bids us rise
 Will help us safely through.
 O'er desert sand and ocean's tide,
 The fire and cloud our course will guide.

Nor let us e'er disdain
 The lowly work and small,
 The waiting and the prayer,
 For God accepts it all ;
 Well pleased whate'er our talent be,
 Sincere and faithful zeal to see.

Perchance to lead His host,
 Perchance to feed His lamb ;
 If wrought in faith and love
 The service is the same ;
 And working with and for the Lord,
 Freedom and peace are our reward.

XVIII.

GOD THE SON.

‘ Dost thou believe on the Son of God ? ’—JOHN ix. 35.

Dost thou believe on Christ the Son of God ?
 Dost thou accept the promise of His Word,

And cling by faith
To that dear Cross of suffering and pain,
Where He endured for sin the crimson stain,
The bitter death ?

Dost thou believe the power of Christ to heal,
And in thy very soul sincerely feel
The work is done ?
Does faith behold the evidence unseen,
And cause thine heart in perfect trust to lean
On Him alone ?

Dost thou believe on Christ the Son of God,
And humbly strive to tread the paths He trod
Of peace and love ?
Feeling thy weakness, leaning on His strength,
Seeking His guidance till thou dwell at length
With Him above ?

Dost thou believe in Jesus as thy King ?
And can thy soul with joyous accent sing
A Risen Lord !
Viewing with shame, and yet with rapture sweet,
The wound-prints in His side, His hands, His feet,
And own Him God ?

O blessed love of Jesus ! Thus to die !
To leave the Father's Home of bliss on high,
For sin like mine !
Gladly I own, in gratitude and faith—
And sing aloud e'en to my latest breath—
'Saviour Divine !'

Lord, I believe that Thou hast died for me ;
Help Thou mine unbelief, and make me see

In clearer light
The matchless wonder of Thy grace Divine,
Till this poor, weak, imperfect faith of mine
Be lost in sight.

XIX.

THE FORTY-THIRD PSALM.

‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul?’—PSALM xliii. 5.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause !
My heart with grief o’erflows :
My spirit mourns for friends estranged,
My life seems full of woes,
And all around reproach and scorn,
Fall on me from Thy foes.

O send Thy glorious light and truth
To guide me through the gloom ;
Reveal Thy smiling face, and grant
Thy promised help may come,
To hold my feet and clear the path
Which leads to Thee—my Home !

In Thee, my fount of joy, I find
A fountain full and free,
Whose streams can dissipate my care,
And bring sweet peace to me.
O give me faith and hope sincere,
And bid all darkness flee.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,
With doubting, anxious care ?

Hope thou in God, and look to Him,
Lift thou thy voice in prayer ;
Behold the open door of heaven,
And see thy Father there.

Then praise shall wake the silent harp,
And tune its joyful strain.
My fears and foes shall all depart,
And cheerful trust remain ;
The gloom of doubt be felt no more,
Since God o'er all doth reign.

XX.

THE PLEA OF THE PUBLICAN.

‘God be merciful to me, a sinner !’—LUKE xviii. 13.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God !
For I am frail and full of sin ;
While thus I bring my prayer to Thee,
I bid my penitence begin.

Humbly I bend the suppliant knee,
And my iniquities confess ;
I bring my guilty heart to Thee,
And ask Thee even me to bless.

How dare I thus approach my God ?
What can I offer as my plea ?
I feel of sin the heavy load ;
O God ! be merciful to me.

My head is bowed with shame and grief,
With penitence sincere and true.
O send my burdened soul relief,
Clean heart create, right thoughts renew.

While thus I bow before Thy feet,
My prayer present, my sins confess,
I hear Thy Voice speak low and sweet :
Then faith grows strong—the burden less.

I raise my eyes to meet Thy glance,
And see—the Cross between us stands !
A dying Saviour looks on me
With tender gaze and outstretched hands !

Then all my load of sin is gone.
I've found in Christ my perfect plea.
Thy justice now is satisfied :
The Lamb of God is slain for me !

XXI.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

‘A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.’—LUKE ii. 11.

SING once again with glad, triumphant voices—
Each heart attuned to join the glorious strain—
That wondrous theme in which all heaven rejoices,
The angels' song, first heard on Bethlehem's plain.

‘Glory to God above, in highest measure ;
Peace on the earth, goodwill to all mankind.’
O prize this message as thy greatest treasure,
And sing the noblest words that earth can find !

And with the voice let every heart be swelling,
With deepest gratitude and purest love ;
The old, old story of redemption telling :
Glad tidings to the earth from heaven above !

Come and bow down before the Infant Holy,
And grateful, own Him as thy Lord and King ;
And with true penitence, serene and lowly,
The offering of thy heart's best service bring !

Join all mankind the sweet angelic chorus,
And thus salute the glad auspicious morn,
The day of days, so bright, so grand, so glorious,
'The King, the Saviour of the world, is born !'

XXII.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

'I heard the voice of the Lord.'—ISAIAH vi. 8.

REVEAL Thyself to me, my God,
Let me Thy glory see ;
O Holy One of Israel,
Reveal Thyself to me.

Reveal to me Thy power and grace,
For I am frail and weak,
And cause my waiting heart to hear
The message Thou dost speak.

Reveal to me Thy mighty strength ;
Impart that strength to me,
To fit for all Thy sacred work,
Whate'er that work may be.

Reveal to me Thy gracious will,
Show me the path Divine ;
Incline my wayward steps to tread
In that blest way of Thine.

Reveal to me my duty, Lord,
 And make Thy servant know
 The work Thou hast for me to do,
 And where Thou bidst me go.
 Then cause my willing heart to cry,
 'Lord, here am I, send me !'
 And touch my lips with living fire,
 That I may plead for Thee.
 And keep me faithful, firm and true,
 Strong in Thy love and grace,
 Till in the glorious light of heaven
 Thou shalt reveal Thy face.

XXIII.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

'I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day.'
JOHN ix. 4.

WORK while 'tis day—the night approacheth fast !
 Now is the time. O work while life doth last !
 The Saviour speaks in loving tones to thee :
 'I died to save thee ; work, O work for Me.'

Dare we refuse this gentle voice t' obey ?
 Shall we let Jesus grieving go away ?
 And be so selfish that we cannot spend
 Our little strength to serve so true a friend ?

It is not much that we can do for Him,
 The flesh so feeble, and the faith so dim ;
 But He who asks the service is our God,
 And He will give His presence on the road.

‘ I will be with thee where thy steps may tend,
Be with thee unto earth’s remotest end ;
Be with thee every hour that thou mayst live,
And strengthen thee for all the work I give.’

With such sweet promise of His gracious aid,
Let us not faint, nor be of aught afraid ;
But work for Him while life’s short day doth last,
For time is fleeting, night approacheth fast.

XXIV.

INTROSPECTION.

‘ Search me, O God, and know my heart.’—PSALM cxxxix. 23.

SEARCH me, O God ! for all is dark within ;
Thy light is needed to disclose my sin.
Look Thou into my heart, and lay it bare ;
Behold the evil that lies hidden there !

Try me, and know the thoughts within my mind :
O let Thy light all secret failings find.
If wicked way remain, remove it far ;
Destroy the evil which my life would mar.

Only by Thee, and in Thy strength alone,
Dare I hope sin and folly to dethrone ;
But with Thy presence in me and around,
I’ll conquer every sin which Thou hast found.

Take Thou my hand ; draw me from earth away
Into the path which leads to endless day,
Where every deed and thought of ill shall cease,
Safe in Thine everlasting way of peace.

XXV.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

‘Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.’—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

OUR eyes shall see the King,
In all His beauty drest,
When with the ransomed we shall sing,
And in His presence rest.

His glory is His love,
His beauty is His grace ;
And one sweet joy His people know
Is that they see His face.

Here, ’mid the mist and gloom,
We strive to see the light ;
But faith, as through a darkened glass,
Gains but a glimmering sight.

But when the veil is moved,
The spirit freed from clay,
Then shall our eyes behold our God
In light of noontide day.

Then, while we linger here,
Our hearts with joy shall sing,
Till in the beauty of His love
Our eyes behold the King !

XXVI.

PENITENCE AND FAITH.

‘Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace.’—LUKE vii. 50.

JESUS, I come to Thee, laden and weary,
Trembling at thought of my guilt and my shame ;
Sorrowing—penitent !—dare I draw near Thee ?
Dare I thus humbly to call on Thy Name ?

Yes, I will come, for I know Thou art tender !
 Come broken-hearted before Thee to bow.
 Helpless !—defenceless !—I've nothing to render ;
 Nothing but mercy to crave of Thee now !

Low on the ground in contrition I'll throw me ;
 Bathe Thy dear feet with my penitent tears.
 Jesus ! O hast Thou sweet mercy to show me ?
 Canst Thou forgive me now, spite of my fears ?

Yes ! I can hear the blest voice of my Saviour,
 Whispering, ' Thy sins are forgiven and gone !'
 Saying, ' Thy faith hath ensured thee My favour—
 Saved thee from evil, and made Me thine own !'

Merciful Jesus ! I'll bless Thee for ever !
 Ne'er shall the praise of my grateful heart cease !
 I will forget Thy redeeming love never !
 Thou hast forgiven me, and filled me with peace !

XXVII.

BEARING THE CROSS.

'If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.'—MATTHEW xvi. 24.

WOULDEST thou serve thy Saviour King ?
 And thyself as tribute bring ?
 Hear His Voice, then, speak to thee :
 'Take thy cross and follow Me.

'Rough and thorny is the road
 Leading upwards to thy God ;
 Toil and danger thou must see—
 Take thy cross and follow Me.

‘Pain and sorrow thou must bear,
If My service thou wouldst share ;
Friends will frown, earth’s pleasures flee—
Take thy cross and follow Me.

‘I have known reproach and scorn ;
Felt the spear, the nail, the thorn ;
Suffered shame and death for thee—
Take thy cross and follow Me.

‘Canst thou, notwithstanding all,
Cheerfully obey the call ?
Wilt thou true and faithful be ?
Take thy cross and follow Me.’

Yes ! My Saviour, I must go—
Follow Thee through pain or woe.
Thy great love constraineth me
Thus to bear the cross with Thee.

Gladly will I suffer loss,
Patient bear the heaviest cross,
In Thy footsteps follow Thee,
If I may Thy servant be.

XXVIII.

THE WORD OF TRUTH.

‘Thy Word is truth.’—JOHN xvii. 17.

THY Word is truth ! Lord, let its glories shine
Through the dark chambers of this heart of mine :
Reveal to me the mysteries of Thy love,
And to my soul their truth and glory prove.

Thy Word is truth ! Let scoffing tongues be still ;
Put Thou to silence all who whisper ill.
Let heavenly influence, gentle as the dew,
Convince the doubter that Thy Word is true.

Thy Word is truth ! Telling of power Divine,
Which formed the earth and caused the sun to shine,
Created man, creation to control,
And breathed the breath of life into his soul.

Thy Word is truth ! Searching the heart within,
Revealing all its darkness and its sin ;
And threatening punishment severe and sure,
Which unrepentant spirits must endure.

Thy Word is truth ! Showing a Saviour slain,
To reconcile the world to Thee again,
And draw the sinner from destruction's road,
To peace and pardon, holiness and God.

Thy Word is truth ! By inspiration given ;
To the dark earth revealing light of heaven :
Giving bright glimpses of that bliss untold,
Which the dim eye of man can ne'er behold.

Thy Word is truth ! O let the nations see
That light and truth are found alone in Thee.
Then sin, the curse of all mankind, shall cease,
And the whole earth be filled with joy and peace.

XXIX.

PEACE AND REST.

‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’—MATTHEW xi. 28.

‘THERE is a balm for every wound,
A cure for every grief—
For sorrow, pain, and suffering
Sweet comfort and relief !

There’s rest for weary, tired feet,
Peace for the tempest-tossed ;
There’s wealth and plenty for the poor,
And hope where hope seemed lost !

There’s brightness in the darkest hour—
There’s light at eventide ;
There’s strength for every helpless one,
And a sure Hand to guide.

All these rich blessings flow from Thee,
My Saviour and my God !
O give me faith to claim Thy grace;
And leave with Thee my load.

Be Thou my Strength, my Guide, my Hope,
My Comfort, Peace, and Rest ;
That in Thy light and calm and joy
I may be ever blest.

XXX.

LOVE TO GOD.

‘He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.’
1 JOHN iv. 16.

JESUS ! Thou friend of sinners—
The Friend I love the best—
Fain would I have Thee near me,
And lean upon Thy breast.

Because Thy love for sinners
Is fathomless and free ;
And knowing I am sinful,
I know Thou lovest me.

Draw near to me, my Saviour,
As thus to Thee I come.
Yea, Jesus ! dwell within me,
Make Thou my heart Thy home !

Thou knowest that I love Thee ;
And yet I’m weak and frail—
I need Thy gracious presence,
Or sure my faith must fail !

Abide with me for ever :
Fill me with love divine,
Illumine all my spirit,
And cause Thy face to shine,

That e’en my life may mirror
The radiance of Thy light,
And all around my pathway
May be more pure and bright.

XXXI.

DIVINE SELF-SACRIFICE.

‘He saved others, Himself He cannot save.’—MATTHEW xxvii. 42.

Is this the mighty Jesus
Who stilled the tempest wave?
Hear how His foes revile Him :
‘Himself He cannot save.’

Is this the loving Saviour
Who pitied and forgave?
Who healed the broken-hearted?
‘Himself He cannot save.’

Look on Him now, thou sinner,
Whose tears His feet did lave ;
He pardoned and He blessed thee !
‘Himself He cannot save.’

He cured the lame, the leper ;
Sight to the blind He gave ;
Relieved all pain and sickness.
‘Himself He cannot save.’

He soothed the poor demoniac,
Who ’mid the tombs did rave ;
Cast out the evil spirits !
‘Himself He cannot save.’

He raised the dead and dying ;
Called Lazarus from the grave.
His power Divine is boundless—
‘Himself He cannot save.’

Why not exert His power ?
 Why be of death the slave ?
 Ah ! Till His work is finished,
 ' Himself He cannot save !'

 Justice must, through His suffering,
 Full satisfaction have.
 Therefore, if He would save us,
 ' Himself He cannot save !'

 Thrice Holy, blessed Jesus !
 Thy presence now we crave,
 Who, that we might have pardon,
 Thyself Thou wouldst not save.

XXXII.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

' A still small voice.'—1 KINGS xix. 12.

SPEAK Thou to me, my Father God—
 Oh, let me hear Thy Voice ;
 Grant me sweet fellowship with Thee,
 And make my soul rejoice.

 Thy voice, I know, is everywhere ;
 Thy works all tell of Thee,
 And Thou dost manifest Thyself
 Through nature unto me.

 Yet, come not Thou in flames of fire—
 Come not in stormy wind !
 But let my inmost spirit hear
 Thine accents soft and kind.

Not in the mighty thunder-peal
Which shakes the earth around,
But in the stillness of my heart,
Lord, let Thy voice be found.

Speak Thou in peace and gentleness
Thy message from above ;
And cause my soul with joy to hear
The still small voice of love.

XXXIII.

A RISEN SAVIOUR.

‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’—JOB xix. 25.

O BLESSED thought ! the joy of all my life—
Comfort in sorrow, peace ’mid storm and strife ;
Hope in distress—a balm for every pain :
‘I know that my Redeemer lives again.’

The Lamb of God was sacrificed for me,
And bore my load of sin upon the Tree.
Now, that He may complete His work of love,
I know that my Redeemer lives above.

He died, He rose, He now for ever lives !
Oh, what sweet thought this truth triumphant gives !
In grateful praise I’ll sing the joyous strain,
‘I know that my Redeemer lives again.’

He lives to intercede for men below—
The great High Priest, who all our thoughts doth know !
Tempted and tried, to Him I trusting fly—
I know that my Redeemer lives on high.

When to the valley of Death's shade I come,
This thought shall whisper of th' eternal home—
This Resurrection hope my joy shall be :
I know that my Redeemer lives for me.'

XXXIV.

THE CHURCH'S MESSAGE TO THE NATIONS.

'Behold your God.'—ISAIAH xl. 9.

ZION, lift up thy voice,
The word of peace unfold ;
Say to the nations of the earth,
'Behold your God—behold !'

Speak of His wondrous grace ;
Tell of His power and love ;
Of God who dwelt on earth below,
Of God in heaven above.

Point thou to Bethlehem ;
Let the sweet tale be told ;
Repeat the Angels' song, and say,
'Behold your God—behold !'

Bring men to Calvary—
The sacred Cross uphold ;
And say of Him who suffered there,
'Behold your God—behold !'

Show them the Sepulchre
From whence the stone was rolled,
Then point unto the living Christ,
'Behold your God—behold !'

Speak of the bliss of heaven :
Of peace and joy untold—
Of Him who sits upon the Throne—
‘ Behold your God—behold !’

Lift up thy voice with strength,
Through the whole world abroad,
Till every creature hear the word,
‘ Behold—behold your God !’

XXXV.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

‘ In remembrance of Me.’—1 CORINTHIANS xi. 24.

SAVIOUR ! the feast is Thine,
I am Thy guest ;
Here, at Thy Table, Lord,
Let me find rest.
I am unworthy, quite,
Thus to appear ;
Only Thy love permits
Me to draw near.

Humbly I come to Thee,
Owning my sin ;
Grateful to know Thy love
Welcomes me in.
Now shall all joy be mine
While I remain,
And in the Bread and Wine
See Thee again !

Oh that vast Sacrifice,
 Jesus, of Thine !
 What shall I render Thee,
 Saviour Divine ?
 Lord ! I devote myself
 Here unto Thee,
 Who thus didst shed Thy blood
 Freely for me !

All my old vows of love
 Now I renew ;
 Help me, that unto them
 I may be true.
 Bless at this Sacred Feast
 Thy humble guest,
 And at Thy Table, Lord,
 Let me find rest !

XXXVI.

CREATOR AND SAVIOUR.

‘ He hath showed His people the power of His works.’
 PSALM cxi. 6.

OUR God is good ! Our God is great !
 Jehovah is His name :
 He, who all nature did create,
 Is evermore the same.

His power and grace are manifest
 In all His works and ways ;
 And we whom His great love hath blest
 Will celebrate His praise.

May He extend the glorious light
His children know and feel,
Till the whole world behold the sight
The Gospel doth reveal.

The Cross of Christ uplifted high
Shall influence all around,
And draw the nations far and nigh
To join the praiseful sound.

The glad new song which angels raise
To Him in heaven above,
Is tuned to speak a Saviour's praise—
A God's redeeming love.

Thou great Jehovah, Father, Lord,
Our hearts to Thee we bring ;
Be Thou on earth and heaven adored,
Our Saviour and our King.

XXXVII.

PRAISE TO GOD.

'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.'
PSALM cvii. 8.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord
For His mercy and His love ;
For the joy His gifts afford,
Which He sendeth from above.

In each heart let praise be found,
And let all their homage pay
For His grace, which knows no bound—
Mercies which endure for aye.

Marvellous are all His ways
To the children of mankind ;
Worthy of the highest praise
That the human heart can find.

Wandering feet He guideth home,
Feedeth every hungry soul ;
Bids the fainting spirit come
Where the living waters roll.

When in trouble sore we lie,
Anxious cares around us press,
Then to God we raise our cry,
And He saves us from distress.

Let the grateful sacrifice
Of thanksgiving and of love,
From rejoicing hearts arise
Unto Him who rules above.

When the storms of life assail,
And the waves are strong and high,
When all other help must fail,
Then our God is ever nigh.

He uplifts His mighty Arm—
Winds and waves their terrors cease ;
All the storm becomes a calm—
So He gives His children peace.

E'en though Death's dark gates appal,
Shade and gloom seem all around—
When unto the Lord we call,
Light and peace in Him are found.

Oh that men would therefore raise
 To the Lord their cheerful song—
 Ever sounding forth His praise,
 From the heart and with the tongue.

XXXVIII.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FEAST.

‘Yet there is room.’—LUKE xiv. 22.

THE Hall is bright with radiant light,
 And jubilant with song ;
 New guests prepare to hasten there,
 To join the happy throng.
 Yet there is room, there's room for thee,
 And all is free !
 Oh come away ! make no delay ;
 There's room in Heaven for thee !

The King is there, His home so fair,
 So beauteous to behold—
 Where perfect joy knows no alloy—
 Is free to young and old.
 And there is room, there's room for thee,
 And all is free !
 Oh come away ! make no delay ;
 There's room in Heaven for thee !

The Bridegroom's voice makes all rejoice,
 And fills each heart with peace ;
 All eyes beam bright with pure delight,
 And praises never cease.

And there is room, there's room for thee,
And all is free !
Oh come away ! make no delay ;
There's room in Heaven for thee !

XXXIX.

GOD THE FATHER.

'Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer, Thy name is from everlasting,'—ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

THOU art my Father ! Thou my Saviour dear !
Though earth-friends all forsake me, Thou art near ;
And though the world my nature cannot see,
Thou knowest all things—Lord, Thou knowest me.

Thou art my Father, blessed be Thy name !
From everlasting years Thou art the same,
And countless ages of eternity
Thy never-failing power and love shall see.

Thou art my Father, my Redeeming God !
Thou knowest all the paths my steps have trod ;
And when temptations urge my feet to stray,
Thy power restrains, Thy light reveals the way.

Thou art my Father, full of pitying love ;
Thou chidest gently when Thou dost reprove ;
And Thy great heart of kindness and of grace,
Cannot permit Thee long to hide Thy face.

Doubtless Thou art, and evermore wilt be,
A tender loving Father unto me—
To guard and guide me while I wander here—
To soothe my sorrows and allay my fear.

Oh that my heart and life may ever prove
 How much I prize my Heavenly Father's love !
 And show, while still I tread the narrow road,
 True child-like trust in Thee, my Father-God !

XL.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

'Now we see through a glass darkly.'—1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 12.

WHEN a bright spirit, pure and free,
 Leaves its frail house of clay,
 And passeth swiftly, silently,
 Into the realms of day,
 We fain would know and see and feel—
 We wonder while we mourn ;
 But naught to us may now reveal
 Where that blest soul is borne.

We know—for this to us is given—
 We know that there is peace
 In the serener home of heaven,
 And joys which never cease ;
 But where that heavenly home may lie
 In which redeemed ones dwell—
 How far away from us, how nigh—
 As yet we cannot tell.

For now we see through darkened glass
 Into the spirit-land ;
 And how from earth to heaven we pass
 We fail to understand.

But when full light on us hath shone
 Of God's eternal grace,
 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And see Him face to face.

Then once again with kindly smile,
 We'll greet on yonder shore
 The friends whom we have lost awhile —
 The loved ones gone before.
 And heaven—where'er that heaven may be,
 Around us, or above—
 Our unbeckoned eyes shall see
 The home of perfect love !

XLI.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'—MATTHEW xi. 28.

'COME unto Me !' Oh joy to hear the word—
 Sweet invitation of our blessed Lord.
 Oh trusting heart, be thou thy Saviour's guest—
 'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

Art thou a toiler on earth's weary road ?
 Dost thou, too, bear a painful, heavy load ?
 Art thou with care and sorrow sore opprest ?
 'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

Should earth-joys vanish with thy passing years,
 And scanty bread be steeped in bitter tears,
 Lay now thy head upon thy Saviour's breast—
 'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

Friends may be faithless, gain may prove but loss,
 'The world yield nothing but a constant cross !
 Come, tried and tempted, troubled and distressed,
 'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

Come, heavy-laden suffering toiler, come !
 Find here thy peace and hope, thy joy, thy home.
 Heed now this gentle, tender, kind behest—
 'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

XLII.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

*(Suggested by the departure of Missionaries—Revs. Couling, Eaves,
 and Morgan—from Bristol, for China and Japan, 1884)*

'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'
 MARK xvi. 15.

Go forth ! go forth ! thou herald :
 Proclaim the Kingdom nigh.
 'Thine is a joyous message,
 Glad tidings from on high ;
 Salvation for the ruined,
 Light, hope, and perfect peace ;
 Eternal life and glory,
 With joys that never cease.

Go forth to all the nations
 Who sit in darkest night,
 And in the name of Jesus
 Display the Gospel light ;
 And whatsoe'er thy labour,
 Thy toil or thy distress,
 The Master will be with thee,
 To succour and to bless.

Go forth ! go forth ! thou warrior,
In saintly armour clad ;
Let not the foe appal thee,
Nor suffering make thee sad.
The Captain of Salvation
Is ever near to aid,
And in thy greatest danger
Thou need'st not be dismayed.

Comrades may fall around thee
Upon the battle-field ;
Go, fill their places quickly,
God's army must not yield !
The enemy may harass,
But never can prevail ;
The arm of God is with thee—
Think not that thou canst fail.

Go forth ! go forth ! thou reaper,
Clothed with immortal might ;
Put in thy sickle keenly,
The harvest-field is white.
Toil may be thine, and weeping,
But when the end shall come,
Thou shalt return rejoicing,
Bringing the bright sheaves home.

Go ! herald, soldier, reaper,
Go calmly, joyously !
Sure of success and blessing
Who on His strength rely.
Go on your holy mission,
Earth's fallen ones to raise ;
Your toil shall be rewarded,
Your prayers all turned to praise.

Proclaiming, fighting, reaping,
The nations shall be blest,
And ye and they together
Shall find eternal rest.
And heaven shall be the richer,
And earth more bright and pure.
For the work ye now are working
For ever shall endure !

XLIII.

THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD.

‘My sheep hear My voice.’—JOHN x. 27.

Dost thou know the sweet voice of the Shepherd Divine?
And dost thou to His sheepfold belong?
Art thou eager and anxious to follow the lead
Of this Shepherd so gentle and strong?

He knoweth the place where the green pastures lie,
Where the waterbrooks quietly flow.
Oh, how sweet is the joy, and the blessing how great,
Such a Shepherd and Leader to know !

Hast thou heard the kind voice of the Shepherd to-day —
The voice of thy Saviour so dear?
Hast thou heeded and followed, and answered the call
Which thy waiting heart gladly did hear?

The word may perchance have come to thee in song,
Or in solitude while thou didst kneel.
Let the answer return from a fond loving heart,
And thy gratitude truly reveal.

Perhaps unto thee may the message have come,
In the tender sweet tones of a child.
And hast thou endeavoured some lamb to bring home
To the Shepherd so gentle and mild?

But, however the word may have fallen on thine ear,
Thou hast known it, and felt it to be
The voice of the Shepherd who freely bestowed
His life as a ransom for thee!

XLIV.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

‘Arise, shine, for thy light is come.’—ISAIAH lx. 1.

ARISE and shine, for glorious light
Shines fully now on thee.
Zion, arise! Let all the earth
That glorious brightness see.

In this dark world of sin and shame,
Of cloud and mist and night,
The revelation of God’s Face
Alone makes all things bright.

When He appears the clouds disperse
Before His quickening ray;
The earth-born mists of doubt are gone,
And night gives place to day.

O Christ! Thou Sun of Righteousness:
Our Saviour and our God,
Let the bright radiance of Thy Light
Shine on our forward road.

Then will we rise and shine abroad,
That all around may see
The glorious truth and heavenly light,
Which comes alone from Thee.

XLV.

THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.

‘Come, for all things are now ready.’—LUKE xiv. 17.

COME to the Feast, obey the call ;
Plead no excuse, make no delay.
A Saviour’s love invites us all,
And all is ready—come away !

Oh, let not things of earth combine
To fix our lot without the gate ;
Nor fleeting joys around us twine,
And hold us back until too late.

The festive scene is bright indeed,
With Christ presiding at the board,
And every guest from care is freed,
Safe in the presence of his Lord.

Forgiveness, pardon, hope, and peace,
Immortal life, eternal love,
Unfading joy, and perfect bliss,
Await the ransomed guests above.

Hear now the word—attend and heed ;
The world’s allurements cast aside.
Come to the Feast with zealous speed,
And hasten to the Saviour’s side.

A joyful welcome waits us there—
 Clothed in new garments white and pure ;
 And whosoever will may share
 The Feast whose joys shall aye endure.

XLVI.

BEER-LAHAI-ROI.

‘Thou God seest me.’—GENESIS xvi. 13.

THOU seest me ! O consolation sweet !
 Though in the wilderness with weary feet
 I vainly roam;
 Thou seest me, and lovingly dost send
 Thy Heaven-commissioned Angel for my friend,
 To lead me home !

Thou seest me. Thou knowest all my grief,
 And sweetly, gently bringest calm relief
 To my sad heart.
 The dreariness and desolation that I feel,
 If Thou with tender love draw near to heal,
 Will all depart !

Thou seest me, when anxious and distressed :
 In need of comfort and in want of rest,
 And far from Thee ;
 Mine eyes beclouded with the mists of earth,
 My heart bowed low with thoughts of meanest birth :
 Thou seest me !

And should my thirsty spirit fainting lie,
 My faith grow dim, and hope within me die,

Still Thou wilt see ;
 And in my need the Living God will show
 Where springs of living water gently flow,
 'To succour me !

XLVII.

FREE SALVATION.

'To you is the word of this salvation sent.'—ACTS xiii. 26.

UNTO you, my fellow-sinner,
 Unto you and me,
 Come the tidings of salvation,
 Full and free.

He who promised unto Israel,
 By His faithful word,
 Now hath sent the Great Redeemer,
 Christ the Lord.

Unto all—both Jew and Gentile,
 Whosoever will—
 This blest word of invitation
 Cometh still.

Thou who fearest God, and mournest
 Deeply for thy sin,
 Open now thy heart to Jesus ;
 Let Him in.

Fearest thou thou art not worthy
 Such a holy Guest ?
 Sinner ! 'tis to thee He calleth ;
 Therefore rest.

Cast on Him the heavy burden
Of thy sin and guilt,
Who for thee His precious life-blood
Freely spilt.

Unto thee ! Oh, hear the message,
Ere thy day shall cease ;
And, believing, find for ever
Life and peace !

XLVIII.

THE SINNER DRAWN TO THE SAVIOUR.

‘ Every man that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh
unto Me.’—JOHN vi. 45.

O GOD ! whose voice in accents sweet
Speaks to the inmost heart,
Draw now the sinner to Thy feet,
And let him not depart !

In manifold mysterious ways
Thy voice hath been revealed ;
Let all who hear show forth Thy praise,
From hearts controlled and healed.

Father ! let all now learn of Thee ;
Each sinful heart subdue,
And cause the penitent to see
What Thou wouldst have him do.

Draw him with cords of love and power,
Safe to the Saviour’s side ;
Bring him in this accepted hour
To Christ the crucified !

XLIX.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

'Follow thou Me.'—JOHN xxi. 22.

‘FOLLOW thou Me.’ Saviour, these words of Thine
Above my path in golden letters shine,
Beckoning me.
I will not look behind with one regret,
But cheerfully earth’s luring joys forget,
To follow Thee !

With single eye and purpose well defined,
This one thing will I do. With heart and mind
I'll follow Thee.
And in Thy grace Divine I will rejoice,
While evermore I hear Thy gentle voice,
'Follow thou Me.'

Nor will I turn aside for want of faith,
Though briers and thorns bestrew the narrow path
That leads to Thee.
E'en though the world rebuke, and friends should chide,
This word shall draw me ever near Thy side :
' Follow thou Me.'

I know not all Thy will, nor Thy design
Concerning me ; but this great joy is mine,
To follow Thee.
Nor will I ask Thee, ‘ What my brother’s lot ?’
Thou wouldst but answer, ‘ That concerns thee not ;
Follow thou Me.’

There may be much I fain would have Thee show—
Some hidden truths that I would gladly know

Or clearer see.

Then comes to me this all-sufficient word,

As a sweet message from my risen Lord,

‘Follow thou Me.’

L.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

‘And shall call His name Immanuel.’—ISAIAH vii. 14.

WHAT is this which angels sing

Of a new-born Saviour-King?

Who is this of whom they tell?

Jesus our Immanuel!

Who is this whose natal star

Sages follow from afar?

Who thus born on earth to dwell?

Jesus our Immanuel!

This is He of whom ’twas said,

‘He shall bruise the serpent’s head.’

Promised thus when Adam fell,

Jesus our Immanuel!

Prophets in the days of old

His all-glorious birth foretold.

Light—all darkness to dispel,

Jesus our Immanuel!

Now we hail the joyous morn,
God with us—a Saviour born :
Born to crush the power of hell,
Jesus our Immanuel !

Let not, then, our praises cease
To the heaven-born Prince of peace ;
Let this theme our anthems swell,
Jesus our Immanuel !

LI.

THE CENTRAL GEM OF TRUTH.

‘ Christ in you the hope of glory.’—COLOSSIANS i. 27.

GEMS of purest lustre shine
In the Gospel story ;
May this priceless pearl be mine—
Choicest, chiefest, most Divine !
‘ Christ the hope of glory.’

Not the faith of thought or creed
Draws me nearer heaven.
Christ in me is all I need ;
May this hope to me, indeed,
Now be freely given !

Jesus ! I mine inmost heart
Gladly open for Thee.
Come ! and nevermore depart ;
To my soul Thyself impart
While my thoughts adore Thee !

Priceless, blissful certainty !
In my Lord confiding !
Hope of glory this shall be—
I in Christ, and Christ in me,
Evermore abiding.

Gem indeed, of purest ray,
This of Gospel story !
Telling of eternal day—
Joy which never fades away,
'Christ the hope of glory.'

LII.

THE WESTERN WINDOW.

'At evening time it shall be light.'—ZECHARIAH xiv. 7.

THE western window is all aglow
With a flood of radiant gold,
As o'er the horizon the sun sinks low,
And the hours of day are told.

The heat of the noon-tide has passed away,
And the shades are drawing nigh ;
Soft zephyrs breathe on the waning day,
With a fragrant, gentle sigh.

The day-flowers are closing their petals bright,
And the lark has ended his lay ;
But ere the evening gives place to night
Rich glory is gilding the day.

And I see in the beauty around me that shines
In that gorgeous glowing sight—
Brighter than jewels and gold of the mines—
A promise of morning light.

And oh ! when the sunset shall close my life,
And the flowers and the songs shall cease,
May the evening calm for the noontide strife
Bring quiet and glory and peace !

And at eventide may the bright light shine
With its radiant beauty on me—
A sign of the day-beam that soon will be mine,
In the realms of eternity !

LIII.

TREADING THE WINE-PRESS ALONE.

‘ And Judas Iscariot which also betrayed Him.’—MATTHEW x. 4.

‘ They all forsook Him, and fled.’—MARK xiv. 50.

‘ But Peter followed Him afar off.’—MATTHEW xxvi. 58.

WHERE are Thy disciples, Lord ?
Where the Twelve, Thy chosen, now—
While with stripes Thy back is scored,
While the thorn-points pierce Thy brow ?

Art Thou thus in sorrow left—
Thus to tread the press alone ?
Of Thy followers all bereft ?
True and faithful is there none ?

Where is he who, false and vile,
Loved his gains and scorned his God—
Who in bitterness and guile
Thus betrayed Thee, blessed Lord ?

Where the ten who from Thee fled,
Thee, their faithful, loving Friend,
When by foes to judgment led—
Where do now their footsteps tend ?

Where is he whose timid feet,
Shrinking, followed Thee afar ?
Dare he not his Lord to greet ?
Fears he now Thy shame to share ?

Thus deserted and betrayed ;
Thus denied, forsaken, scorned ;
In mock royalty arrayed,
And with blood-stained crown adorned !

Even now Thy kindly look,
Cast on him who Thee denies—
Full of pity as rebuke—
Speaks Thy heart's love through 'Thine eyes.

Jesus ! look into my soul :
Am I faithless, false, or weak ?
Let Thy grace my heart control ;
Let Thy love forgiveness speak !

Then I'll shed the bitter tear,
And, repentant, own my sin ;
Cast on Thee my guilt and fear,
And a nobler life begin.

LIV.

IN TIME OF NEED.

‘ The Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.’
2 CORINTHIANS i. 3.

My Father, give me peace !
The storm is raging on the sea of life,
And all around is danger, toil and strife ;
 Bid Thou the tempest cease,
 And give me peace !

My Father, give me light !
Darkness hangs o’er the path that leads me home,
While all within is cloud, and mist, and gloom
 But shine Thou through the night,
 And give me light !

My Father, give me faith !
Show me the Cross ! there in my Saviour’s shame
Grant me to read the letters of *my* name ;
 And, witnessing His death,
 Oh, give me faith !

My Father, give me grace !
That I may live as Thou wouldst have me live,
And in my heart Thine Holy Spirit give ;
 Reveal to me Thy face,
 And give me grace !

My Father, give me rest !
For I am wearied with a load of care,
Which seems to smother thought and stifle prayer ;
 Oh, draw me to Thy breast,
 And give me rest !

My Father give me joy !
Ah ! I may call Thee ' Father '—this shall be
Enough of joy and happiness to me !
Comfort without alloy—
A perfect joy.

LV.

THE NEW YEAR.

' Ye have not passed this way heretofore.'—JOSHUA iii. 4.

How shall we approach the future ?
In what spirit shall we look
On the untrodden path before us,
Into the unopened book ?

Ah ! we know not what awaits us
In the year we enter now ;
How much joy shall cheer our spirit,
How much sorrow seam our brow.

This we know, that One above us
Ever tenderly doth guide ;
He hath promised ne'er to leave us,
While we in His love confide.

Let us, then, be hopeful, trustful,
That the hand which hitherto
Hath conducted gently onward,
Still will lead us safely through.

And the book, whose many pages
 Now unsullied are and white,
 How shall we compile their record?
 What shall we upon them write?

Truth and goodness, self-denial,
 Faith in God and love to man;
 Oh, that these may be our watchwords,
 While its days the year shall span!

Grant us, Lord, that in Thy Spirit
 We may tread the unknown way,
 And, Divinely helped, accomplish
 Something Godlike every day!

LVI.

A SAINT OF GOD.

‘The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.’
I THESSALONIANS v. 23.

A SAINT of God! Oh, can it be
 That such a name applies to me—
 To me so weak, so blind?
 O gracious God, ’tis Thou alone
 Who canst subdue my heart of stone,
 And purify my mind.

’Tis Thou, my Father, only Thou,
 Canst place Thy mark upon my brow,
 And make my life to be
 Free from the power and taint of sin,
 An evidence of grace within,
 A reflex, Lord, of Thee!

Thou very God of peace and love,
Oh, send Thine influence from above !

Thy Spirit now impart ;
My every thought do Thou control,
And wholly sanctify my soul,
And subjugate my heart.

Thy grace is bountiful and sure ;
Thy grace can make the vilest pure,
Can make the weakest strong ;
Thy nature on me, Lord, impress,
Then may that name of saintliness
Even to me belong.

LVII.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

‘Be not weary in well-doing.’—GALATIANS vi. 9.

TOIL on ! toil on ! Though oftentimes thou art weary,
Labour no less ;

While there are needy, sorrowing ones, and dreary,
Whom thou canst bless.

Toil on ! toil on ! Hungering there are and thirsting,
Who need thine aid.

Say to the stricken ones whose hearts are bursting,
‘Be not afraid.’

Toil on ! toil on ! The world still needs a Saviour,
And thou dost know

Of One all full of tender love and favour ;
Go tell them so !

Toil on ! toil on ! The day is fast declining ;
Forego thy rest.

Gather the harvest while the light is shining !
Then lie down blest.

Toil on ! toil on ! unto the end enduring,
Sure thou shalt see
Some blessing to the world thou art ensuring,
And peace to thee ;

Then in the joyous, blissful rest of heaven,
Anew inspired,
It may perchance to thee be sweetly given
To toil untired.

LVIII.

HALTING BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

‘ Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision.’—JOEL iii. 14.

IN the valley of decision
Multitudes remain ;
Show them, Lord, the glorious vision
Of a Saviour slain.

Some are touched with thoughts of heaven,
But the world allures ;
Dreaming oft of sins forgiven,
Seeking earthly cures.

Many hear the Saviour speaking,
Yet they still delay ;
Peace and pardon they’ll be seeking
At some future day.

Some would strive to make them holy,
By their own desire ;
Scorning Christlike paths and lowly,
Which Thou dost require.

Lord, from this unsafe transition
Make them now to flee,
From the valley of decision
Straight to Calvary.

LIX.

EASTER HYMN.

‘The Lord is risen.’—LUKE xxiv. 34.

TRIUMPHANT songs we sing,
Loud Hallelujahs raise,
To Thee, our Lord and King,
In joyous, gladsome praise ;
Thou, who wast slain our souls to save,
Hast conquered death and burst the grave.

Thy foes, with bitter pride,
Thought all the victory won,
When they had crucified
God’s well-belovèd Son ;
But triumph now belongs to Thee,
Who from death’s power art risen free.

Our hearts and tongues shall laud
The great Redeemer’s name,
And call Him Lord and God,
Who for our ransom came ;

While at the empty tomb we own,
That Christ hath rolled away the stone.

This Resurrection morn
We hail with cheerful lay !
Hearts which with grief were torn
Shall shout for joy to-day !
' The Lord is risen,' our song shall be ;
' And gained immortal victory !'

LX.

THE NEED OF PERSEVERANCE.

' No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'—LUKE ix. 62.

WHAT will become of the land,
If from the plough thou withdrawest thine hand ?
If thou refusest to toil,
What will become of the soil ?

What will become of the seed,
If the hard ground is bechoked with the weed ?
If there be brier and thorn,
What will become of the corn ?

What will become of thy task,
Which the great Lord of the harvest doth ask ?
If thou thy clear duty shouldst shirk,
What will become of thy work ?

What will become of thy crown,
If on the Master's kind face the sad frown,
Sorrowing too late, thou shouldst see ?
What will become then of thee ?

LXI.

NO CROSS—NO CROWN.

‘ For the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross.’
HEBREWS xii. 2.

THERE is a battle thou must bravely fight ;
 There are dark spots where thou must show the light ;
 There is a work which none but thou canst do ;
 There is a God will help thee safely through.

There is a cross which none but thou canst bear ;
 There is a crown which none but thou canst wear ;
 There is a home beyond this world of sin ;
 There is a Saviour bids thee welcome in.

And is thy soul responsive to the call—
 Ready to give thy heart, thy hands, thine all ;
 Willing to wait for the eternal rest,
 Assured that then thou wilt be fully blest ?

LXII.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

‘ Praying always, with all prayer and supplication.’
EPHESIANS vi. 18.

THERE is a throne of grace in heaven above us,
 How near we know not !
 Where dwells the eternal Father who doth love us,
 Yet our prayers flow not !

Sometimes we kneel, not thinking what we're saying,
No peace deriving !
For thoughtless words may not be titled praying ;
Speech is not striving.

But when the soul, full conscious of its power,
Pleads with its Saviour,
Then we receive the gracious, bounteous shower
Of heavenly favour.

We are His children ; God doth love us dearly,
And finds true pleasure
In giving unto those who pray sincerely
Joy without measure.

O may the Spirit, in our soul abiding
And dwelling ever,
Cherish the faith which, in our God confiding,
Shall falter never !

Then, no more carelessly, and no more coldly,
With fervour rather,
Unto the Throne of Grace will we come boldly,
And find our Father.

LXIII.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

‘ Even there shall Thy hand lead me.’—PSALM cxxxix. 10.

OFTEN our Father's loving hand
Mysteriously doth lead
Through ways we cannot understand,
And paths we fear to tread.

Rough is the road beneath our feet,
And briers bestrew the ground ;
At every step now toils we meet ;
Dark clouds seem all around.

A fairer road we fain would choose,
And yet we dare not turn,
Nor would we willingly refuse
Our Father's way to learn.

The light that shines at yonder end,
Which yet we dimly see,
Will show how all these crosses tend
To bless eternally.

Then holding fast His hand we'll go,
And heart and tongue shall tell,
'We'll trust Him all the journey through,
Who doeth all things well.'

LXIV.

THE NARROW GATE.

'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'—LUKE xiii. 24.

THE narrow gate, the narrow gate
That bars the road to Heaven—
Shall no one pass its portals strait
But those who well have striven ?

The narrow gate, the narrow gate
That leadeth unto life—
What bliss and joy those souls await
Who boldly face the strife !

The narrow gate, the narrow gate !

The path is narrow too ;

'Tis narrow, but 'tis wide enough

For Christ to help thee through.

'Repent !' 'Believe !' on either post

These words may be descried ;

'Salvation,' 'Immortality,'

Are on the other side.

Strive thou with doubts and craven fears,

With selfishness and sin,

And trust alone in Jesus Christ,

That He will draw thee in.

Strive on, strive on with all thy might !

Cast every burden down ;

The gate is now within thy sight,

And thou shalt win thy crown.

LXV.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

'If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another.'

I JOHN i. 7.

O FOR a fellowship more close, more sweet,

Of all who worship at the Saviour's feet,

And own His sway !

O that all men who walk in light Divine

Would heart to heart, and hand in hand, combine

To work and pray !

The blood which cleanseth me from every sin,
That sacred fount hath washed my brother clean,
And conquered death.

Then let our grateful songs in concert rise,
Ten thousand voices swelling to the skies
In one glad breath.

Pilgrims together on the road to life,
Together let us boldly face the strife,
Brothers indeed !
Shoulder to shoulder, 'gainst all evil fight,
And let our fellowship increase the light
Which all men need.

Oh ! say shall we, who by one Spirit led,
Who by one Father's hand are daily fed,
Whose God is One —
Shall we neglect the fellowship of mind
Which in complete communion we may find,
And walk alone ?

Nay ! Let us more and more, each passing day,
Seek closer fellowship upon the way,
And live in love ;
Then, when earth's pilgrimage, earth's strife, shall cease,
We'll walk together in the realms of peace
With God above.

LXVI.

AN APPEAL FOR ZENANA WORKERS.

'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'—JOHN xi. 28.

SISTER, arise ! behold thy sisters' need ;

See how they crave

A heart to sympathize, a hand to feed,

A God to save.

Sister, arise ! thy mission now fulfil !

Look up and see

'Thy sisters groaning 'neath a load of ill ;

'They're calling thee.

Down-trodden women of the orient clime

Reveal their woe,

And call thee loudly with a voice sublime :

Arise and go !

And mingling with the myriad notes that come

From o'er the sea,

A Saviour's voice, in tender, loving tone,

Still calleth thee !

Arise and go ! let not the call in vain

Fall on thine ear.

Light, life and love shall be thy heavenly train

To guide and cheer.

Ten thousand homeless homes where darkness dwells,

And mental night,

Shall hear the gladsome news the Gospel tells,

And see the Light.

Then life and liberty shall enter there,
And holy joy ;
Angels shall hear the welcome voice of prayer
New tongues employ.

Where art thou, sister, whom these voices call ?
Say, where art thou ?
Arise and come, and Christ's own light shall fall
Upon thy brow.

And in that light go forth to cheer and bless,
Go forth to save !
Ample reward—abundance of success—
Thou sure shalt have.

LXVII.

THE DAY OF REST.

‘The Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’—EXODUS xx. 10.

THANK God for the Sabbath, the day of sweet rest,
Divinely appointed and hallowed and blest !
For the joy and the peace which it brings us from
heaven,
The true, grateful thanks of our hearts shall be given.

The week has departed, its labours are o'er,
Its hours have all passed to eternity's shore ;
And our thoughts and our words and the deeds we have
done
In the Lamb's book of life are recorded—each one.

O Saviour ! blot out from that record Divine
 All our faults of neglect and our sins of design,
 And help us this day that our steps may be sure,
 And our lives and our actions be noble and pure.

Thank God for the Sabbath ! we'll praise Him to-day
 For this Elim of rest on life's wilderness way ;
 And we'll joyously, reverently bow at His feet
 While we feast on its fruits and its waters so sweet.

Thank God for the Sabbath ! oh, ne'er may we cease
 To prize its devotions and value its peace,
 Till our life here be ended and God, in His love,
 Bring His children of earth to His Sabbath above.

LXVIII.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH PSALM.

'Out of the depths.'—PSALM cxxx. I.

OUT of the depths of guilty fear
 I cried to God most high :
 He graciously inclined His ear ;
 He listened to my cry.

He brought redemption to my soul,
 And cancelled all my sin ;
 He made my broken spirit whole,
 And gave me peace within.

When all my life was dark as night,
 I waited for the dawn ;
 Then He revealed His glorious light,
 And all the gloom was gone.

There is forgiveness, Lord, with Thee,
 And mercy ever near ;
 Plenteous redemption, full and free,
 For those who trust and fear.

O Israel ! wait upon thy God,
 Trust evermore in Him ;
 And from the depths of sin and woe
 Thy soul will He redeem.

LXIX.

THOMAS DIDYMUS.

‘ Except I shall see . . . I will not believe.’—JOHN xx. 25.

EXCEPT I see the nail-pierced hand,
 And probe the wounded side,
 How dare I hope to look again
 On Him once crucified ?

‘ Impossible,’ my reason saith,
 ‘ That such a thing should be ;
 I saw Him die the felon’s death
 On the accursed tree !

‘ I saw him carried to the grave,
 The precious life had sped ;
 His broken heart had ceased to bea’,
 And all its life-blood shed.’

Lord, set my unbelief at rest,
 My doubting thoughts subdue ;
 Let faith assert its power to prove
 The Resurrection true.

Let me but see Thee face to face,
And hear Thy loving word,
Then will I worship at Thy feet,
And own Thee 'Lord and God.'

LXX.

HEART SURRENDER.

'My son, give Me thine heart.'—PROVERBS xxiii. 26.

O child of earth ! while earthly strife
Engrosses all thy mind,
And while in busy round of life
Thy pleasure thou dost find,

A voice entreats with gentle breath ;
Oh ! bid it not depart,
But hearken while the Spirit saith,
'My son, give Me thy heart !'

The world around thee will demand
Tribute and homage deep,
While vainly thou dost fill thy hand
With gold thou canst not keep.

Oh ! leave this false, alluring show,
Ere thou shalt feel the smart ;
Open to Christ, and open now,
The portals of thy heart !

Ambition's voice thy zeal may fire
To purpose bold and great ;
Or wealth may tempt thee to aspire
To thoughts of pomp and state.

Oh ! turn from earth and look above ;
 Choose thou the better part.
 The still small voice repeats in love,
 ‘ My son, give Me thy heart !’

LXXI.

THE PRODIGAL.

‘ I will arise, and go to my Father.’—LUKE xv. 18.

COME home to thy Father, He waiteth for thee,
 So tender and loving and kind,
 So anxious thy homeward-bound footsteps to see ;
 Come home, a sweet welcome to find.

Temptation has led thee away from thy home,
 False pleasures allured thee afar ;
 But with the sad sequel the knowledge has come,
 How empty and worthless they are.

Then leave all thy follies, those husks cast aside,
 The lesson of penitence learn ;
 Forget the false joys which thou vainly hast tried,
 And, sorrowing, homeward return.

The Father will meet thee—oh, infinite bliss !—
 And joy o’er His penitent child ;
 Will press on thy forehead the pardoning kiss :
 Oh ! come from thy wandering so wild !

And while in true penitence thou dost deplore
 The way thou wast tempted to roam,
 In the peace of forgiveness resolve nevermore
 To part from thy Father—thy home.

LXXII.

HEAVEN'S JOY IN HUMAN PRAYER.

‘Behold, he prayeth.’—ACTS ix. 11.

AN infant knelt beside his evening bed,
Lispings sweet childish words of early days ;
Bright angel spirits heard the words he said,
And flew to heaven to tell, ‘Behold, he prays.’

A youth who, cold and careless, long had been
Forgetful of bright childhood's sunlight rays,
Is brought by grace to see and mourn his sin,
And heaven rejoices, for ‘Behold, he prays.’

A man of God, devout in earnest zeal,
And walking firm in wisdom's lowly ways,
Derives new strength when heart and spirit kneel ;
And echo oft repeats, ‘Behold, he prays.’

Life's journey now fast drawing to a close,
A dying saint his failing voice doth raise ;
While the worn body seeks its last repose
The soul arises, and, ‘Behold, he prays.’

A ransomed spirit from its covenant rest
Shall see on earth, 'midst friends of former days,
Someone, perchance, to whom his work was blest,
And joyfully exclaim, ‘Behold, he prays.’

LXXIII.

THE TRUE VINE.

'I am the Vine, and ye are the branches : he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'—JOHN xv. 5.

JESUS CHRIST, Thou heavenly Vine,
Look upon this branch of Thine :
Now Thy precious virtue give ;
Nurture me that I may live.

Drawing sap from Thee, the Root,
Let me bear sweet, plenteous fruit.
Cleanse me, prune me o'er and o'er,
That I still may bring forth more.

Saviour, come and dwell in me !
I would fain abide in Thee—
Root and Vine and branch in one—
I the servant, Thou the Son ;
Thou the Teacher, wise and great,
I the learner at Thy feet ;
Each in each while we abide,
Be the Father glorified.

LXXIV.

STEER BY THE LIGHTS.

'Thou hast been a refuge from the storm.'—ISAIAH xxv. 4.

'In Thy light shall we see light.'—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

'So He bringeth them to the desired haven.'—PSALM cvii. 30.

THE harbour near, and yet I cannot land ;
The night is dark, the rocks on either hand

Threaten and frown.
How shall I guide aright this frail ship?
One false direction or one little slip,
And all goes down !
‘ Steer by the lights. Oh, keep them well in view—
Straight in one line, they’ll guide thee safely through :
Steer by the lights !’

Fiercely the night-winds howl, the breakers’ roar,
Like ceaseless thunder, sounds o’er rock and shore ;
The storm beats high,
Rending each sail, straining each plank and mast.
Shall tempest whirl and shipwreck come at last—
And land so nigh ?
‘ Steer by the lights. Oh, keep them well in view—
Straight in one line, they’ll guide thee safely through :
Steer by the lights !’

Courage, faint heart ! thy vessel still shall brave
The mighty storm-blast and the threatening wave—
One effort more ;
Yon lights will lead thee safe from every fear—
Guide thee to waters calm, and draw thee near
The heavenly shore !
‘ Steer by the lights. Oh, keep them well in view—
Straight in one line, they’ll guide thee safely through :
Steer by the lights !’

Yonder the light of Christ shines bright above—
The light of duty and the light of love
Still bid thee come.
These beacon-lamps of safety are Divine :
With steady vision keep them well in line,

And so steer home !
 ‘Steer by the lights. Oh, keep them well in view—
 Straight in one line, they’ll guide thee safely through :
 Steer by the lights.’

LXXV.

THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

‘My song in the night.’—PSALM lxxvii. 6.

O THESE days of sadness !
 O these hours of pain !
 Will no thought of gladness
 E’er return again ?

O this night of sorrow,
 Restlessness and grief !
 Will no bright to-morrow
 Bring me sweet relief ?

Wilt Thou, Lord, for ever
 Hide Thy face from me ?
 Wilt Thou, canst Thou, sever
 Thine own child from Thee ?
 ‘Thou hast mercy tender,
 But I feel it not !
 Is the tie so slender
 That Thou hast forgot ?

Nay, my God, my Father !
 I will doubt Thee not ;
 I will ponder rather
 What Thy hand hath wrought :

Contemplate Thy power,
Wisdom, love and might,
Till a brighter hour
End the darksome night.

Thou wilt hear my crying,
Bid my fears depart ;
Thou wilt sooth the sighing
Of my troubled heart.
Draw me gently, kindly,
To Thy loving breast :
Through the desert lead me
To the land of rest !

LXXVI.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

‘A hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, rivers of water in a dry place, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

OFT in the desert-plains of life
The sultry winds arise,
And fiercely blows the scorching blast
Across the arid skies.
How can I ’scape their fiery breath ?
Where shall I hide my face ?
Lord, be Thou near, that I may find
In Thee my hiding-place.

When storm-clouds burst upon my path,
And tempests howl around,
Then, Lord, in Thee, in Thee alone
Sure covert may be found.

When in dry places, wearied sore,
I faint with feverish thirst ;
From Thine own sweet perennial fount
Rivers of water burst.

When burning sun through cloudless sky
Pours on the weary land
Its fiercest beam of tropic heat,
Melting wild wastes of sand,
Vigour and strength are well-nigh gone ;
But when I come to Thee,
The shadow of the mighty Rock
Yields life and hope to me.

Thou hiding-place, Thou covert safe,
Thou fount of water clear,
Thou cooling shade in desert land,
Thou Saviour ever near,
I praise Thee that for every need
Thou hast an ample cure ;
I come to Thee, for well I know
Thy gracious aid is sure.

LXXVII.

ANGELS AND EARTHQUAKES.

‘Who shall roll us away the stone?’—MARK xvi. 3.

ANGELS there are of bright celestial birth,
Commissioned by the God that rules above,
Who evermore are working upon earth
The wonders of His never-failing love.

And there are other agents that perform
His wise design, and carry out His plan :
Through wind and wave, through earthquake and through
 storm,
He uttereth His voice, and blesseth Man.

See, at the earliest blush of Orient dawn,
Two faithful, heartsore, weeping women come,
By strong, true love and deep affection drawn,
To anoint the Master's body in the tomb.

Brave hearts beneath their heaving bosoms beat,
Urging them forward ere the sun hath shone ;
But one great obstacle they fear to meet,
And trembling question, ' Who shall roll the stone ?'

Ah ! was it hidden force of Vulcan glow,
Causing the pillars of the earth to quake ?
Was it the power which lies concealed below
That moved the rock with sudden mighty shake ?

Or did the Guardian Angel straight from God—
Whose unseen footsteps He alone might trace,
Who through the garden silently had trod—
Roll back the heavy gravestone from its place ?

It matters not ; we need not more inquire
What form Heaven's messenger did then assume,
And whether Angel-hand or earthquake ire,
Forced open wide the portal of the tomb.

Enough the way was cleared, their fears dispelled,
They waited not the causes to inquire :
The unexpected sight they then beheld,
Led to more joy than they had dared desire.

Take courage then, thou servant of our God,
Whene'er 'twixt thee and duty lies the stone.
Angels or earthquakes, they will clear thy road ;
Do well thy part, the rest will sure be done.

LXXVIII.

SUNSET GLOW ON THE MOUNTAIN MIST.

‘He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.’—PSALM civ. 32.

DARK, ominous clouds on the mountain lower,
And the sky is overcast ;
It seems that the calm of the evening hour
Must yield to the stormy blast.

The orb of day is obscured by the clouds,
And soon will be hid by the night ;
But in the horizon far over the sea
I can trace a clear streak of pure light.

And the mist on the mountain which faces the west,
And the green fields which lie below,
As the sun is just sinking on Ocean’s breast,
Are lit with a golden glow.

’Tis so with our lives : there are storm-clouds and mists,
There is many a care and pain ;
But on the true spirit that trusteth in God
Will the sunlight of Heaven remain.

LXXIX.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

‘Who giveth songs in the night.’—JOB xxxv. 10.

Songs in the night ! My heart is sad and weary,
How can I sing when joys have fled away ?
When every prospect seems so dark and dreary,
I feel I cannot sing—I scarce can pray !

Songs in the night ! Mine eyes refuse their closing,
Though earthly turmoil lulled with fading light :
Though all around me nature is reposing,
I rest not ! Yet—‘He giveth songs at night !’

Songs in the night ! My secret sorrows pain me ;
My spirit is o’erwhelmed with silent grief.
Where shall I look for comfort to sustain me ?
Where shall I seek—where hope to find relief ?

Songs in the night ! They come not for the asking,
When in mere earth-born pleasures I delight ;
But when the soul in light of Heaven is basking,
Then may I sing my joy-songs in the night.

Songs in the night ! When life’s short sun is setting ;
When night of death my spirit draws away ;
When pain and sorrow, trial and care forgetting,
I catch the first bright glimpse of dawning day—

Then, though the body sinks to its long slumber,
No thought of death my spirit shall affright ;
I shall foretaste Heaven’s joys which know no number,
And God shall give me songs in life’s last night.

LXXX.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

‘Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.’

PSALM cxii. 4.

‘LIGHT in the darkness.’ O be of good cheer !
 Let not thy sorrows o’erwhelm thee with fear.
 Trust in Jehovah to lead thee aright,
 Pillar of fire to guide thee by night.

All things against thee ? No break in the cloud ?
 Troubled and stricken thou criest aloud.
 Friends may forsake thee, and foes may surround,
 ‘Light in the darkness’ in Jesus is found.

Is thy faith shaken with doubt undefined,
 Darkening thy life, and bewildering thy mind ?
 Go, tell thy Saviour ! He ever is near ;
 ‘Light in the darkness’ will surely appear.

‘Light in the darkness’ when tempest is nigh—
 Hear the voice saying, ‘Behold, it is I.’
 When on the billows Christ cometh to thee,
 Peace thou shalt welcome, and light thou shalt see.

Upright and strong let thy course be pursued,
 Blotting out evil and striving for good ;
 Trusting and striving, whate’er may befall,
 ‘Light in the darkness’ shall shine over all.

Clouds which so darksome thou now dost behold,
 Soon shall disperse, and the blessing unfold ;
 And when to Jordan at length thou shalt come,
 ‘Light in the darkness’ shall pilot thee home.

LXXXI.

OUR EARTHLY HOUSE.

'If Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin ; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.'—ROMANS viii. 10.

'Partakers of the Divine nature.'—2 PETER i. 4.

THIS earthly house, the temple of my clay,
Because of sin, is dead, and must decay ;
The spirit, my true self, if Christ be mine,
Because of righteousness, is life divine.

I am not what I seem to human ken,
A body with a little soul therein ;
The soul is me, the body my abode,
Tenant and subject to Almighty God.

Why should I shrink to doff this mortal dress,
And clothe me with celestial holiness ?
And why desire within the flesh to stay,
When God's own will shall call me hence away ?

Lord, while I dwell within this human frame,
I fain would seek the glory of Thy name ;
And when Thy summons to arise be given,
My life redeemed shall serve Thee still in heaven.

LXXXII.

THE REST THAT REMAINETH.

'A promise . . . of entering into His rest.'—HEBREWS iv. 1.

O SWEET delightful thought,
Sure hope from promise blest,
After life's care and toil and pain,
Of entering into rest !

Here we are oft dismayed,
O'erburdened, sore distressed ;
There in the nightless, cloudless day
We'll enter into rest.

Not idle, but employed
In service holiest, best,
We'll spend a vast eternity
In God's own perfect rest.

A Saviour's promise this,
To us by care oppressed,
That we with joy shall enter in
To His eternal rest.

Then let us strive and pray,
With aye increasing zest ;
Press forward on the heavenly way
Until we gain our rest.

Till then by faith we'll lean
On Jesus' loving breast,
And find e'en now a place of peace—
A sweet abode of rest.

LXXXIII.

DIVINE LOVE.

'The Son of God, who loved me.'—GALATIANS ii. 20.

O BLESSED link of love, thou Love Divine,
Binding the heart of God to heart of mine ;
Making the joys a Father's hand hath given
More bright, more sweet, more like the bliss of heaven !

O strange and wondrous thought, He lovèd me !
 How strange that God, so pure and high, should see—
 While looking from His glorious home above—
 Aught in this poor, weak heart to win His love !

And yet 'tis true—even I may claim to be
 A child of Him who fills eternity ;
 Who holds all worlds beneath His sovereign sway,
 And whom with joy the angel hosts obey.

Behold what wondrous love He thus bestows :
 Its depth, its height, no human spirit knows.
 Yet what His Word declares, His dealings prove,
 That God, my Father, loves me ! God is love.

LXXXIV.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST.

'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'—1 CORINTHIANS ii. 2.

NOTHING but Christ I ask to know—
 I seek no glory here below ;
 I fix my grateful thoughts above,
 And find my all in Jesus' love.

Nothing but Christ and His dear Cross,
 Compared with which all gold is dross.
 Earth's glories all must fade away
 Where Calvary sheds its lustrous ray.

Even the sun refused its light,
 And noonday darkened as the night,
 When on the Cross uplifted high
 'The world's great Light was left to die !

Nothing but Christ in that dark hour
 Could overcome death's dreaded power ;
 And nought but His unconquered might
 Gave earth its Resurrection Light.

Christ on the Cross ! Christ in the tomb !
 Christ risen from its night of gloom !
 Christ living now in heaven above,
 And blessing me with ceaseless love !

Christ in my heart, Christ in my life,
 Repressing sin and soothing strife,
 Easing each cross to me that's given,
 And making earth seem more like heaven.

Nothing but Christ—no joy but this
 Can fill my soul with lasting bliss !
 Christ and His Cross my song shall be,
 Through time and through eternity.

LXXXV.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

'He led them forth by the right way.'—PSALM cvii. 7.

LED by the hand of God,
 Safely and surely,
 Travel we life's rough road
 Ever securely :
 Now the Red Sea in front,
 Pharaoh behind us ;
 Waves shall o'erwhelm us not,
 Nor tyrant bind us.

Through the wild wilderness,
Trackless and dreary,
Tread we the unknown path,
Footsore and weary.
Yet we will follow still
Where He doth lead us ;
He will sustain our steps,
He too will feed us.

Pillar of cloud by day,
Ever abiding ;
Pillar of fire by night,
Constantly guiding.
Forward by day and night
Travel we ever ;
Still the good hand of God
Failing us never.

On to the promised land—
Land of rich blessing ;
On to the home of peace—
Place of refreshing ;
On ! till the desert passed,
Jordan divided,
Enter we now the rest
God hath provided.

LXXXVI.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

TIME PAST—TIME REMAINING.

‘Live the rest of his time . . . to the will of God.’

1 PETER iv. 2.

OH, what is life, this little life of ours,
Whose years, so fleeting, fade like summer flowers?
Where are the hours, the days, the weeks now flown,
Which for a little while we thought our own?

In looking back upon the year now past
We think how short a time it seemed to last ;
And in our retrospect regrets are keen,
To feel how poor and cold our lives have been.

Let the time past suffice for earth-born things,
Let pure desire now rise on faith's bright wings,
That, armed with Christ-like mind we may fulfil,
In the new year, more of God's work and will.

Watching and praying, we shall strength obtain ;
Loving and giving, great will be our gain ;
Trusting our Father, we shall surely prove
How great His mercy, and how true His love.

Thus may we know a year of peace and bliss,
And ripen fruits of truth and holiness ;
Thus may we better serve our Saviour King,
And to the world around some blessing bring.

LXXXVII.

THE THIRD BEATITUDE.

‘Blessed are the meek.’—MATTHEW v. 5.

Oh ! to be humble ; full of gracious meekness,
Lowly yet strong ;
The gentle spirit yieldeth not to weakness,
Though suffering long.

It is the lowly heart that Christ doth cherish—
Such would I seek.
The wrath and anger of the world shall perish,
But live the meek.

It is not power and pride, but the calm spirit
That wins the day ;
And the best joys of earth shall they inherit,
Who hold such sway.

A Father’s gentleness doth make me stronger
Than human might ;
The dew’s soft influence will last far longer
Than storm of night.

Oh ! that my life, such gentle force possessing,
May ever prove
That meekness can both give and gain the blessing
Of calm, pure love !

LXXXVIII.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

‘And after the fire, a still small voice.’—1 KINGS xix. 12.

THERE’S music in the still small voice,
Which murmurs sweet and clear ;
Revealing to the seeking heart
The truth that God is near.

There’s thunder in the still small voice,
When conscience slumbering lies ;
It rouses thought and bids the soul
To better purpose rise.

There’s pardon in the still small voice,
When mourns the soul for sin ;
It speaks of penitence approved,
And whispers peace within.

There’s comfort in the still small voice—
Sweet message from above ;
Which fills the life with joy and hope,
Pardon and peace and love.

O listen to the still small voice,
Its chiding and its cheer,
And let thine inmost heart rejoice
To know that God is near !

LXXXIX.

THE NARROW GATE.

‘Enter ye in at the strait gate.’—MATTHEW vii. 13.

FAR from the narrow gate awhile I stood,
And pondered, ‘Might I enter if I would?’
So strait it seemed, and I—so full of sin—
A passage through its portals feared to win.

Many, my fellow-travellers on the way,
Seemed just to glance at it and turn away.
Yet still I longed, and still desired to try;
So with alternate hopes and fears drew nigh.

And e’en as I approached, with joy I heard
A voice inviting ‘Enter!’ Ah! sweet word.
And graven all around on post and sill
I saw the welcome, ‘Whosoever will!’

Nearer I drew! the door was open now,
And Christ stood there with thorn-prints on His brow;
Trusting, I entered, and with joy did find
My robes of self and sin were left behind.

Is the gate, then, so narrow? Yes, ’tis true!
Yet wide enough for *all* men to pass through;
Long as they would not stretch its portals strait,
Or vainly hope to find a *larger* gate!

Narrow, yet wide—one way, and one alone!
Christ, who on Calvary did for sin atone,
Free invitation on us all hath pressed,
And gladly welcomes every willing guest!

XC.

MILESTONES.

‘God, manifest in the flesh . . . received up into glory.’

I TIMOTHY iii. 16.

‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’—ISAIAH xxx. 21.

I AM journeying on life's changeful road,
 And the years are fleeting fast ;
 And the stones which mark the distance trod,
 Swift, one by one, are passed ;
 And clearly each one in its turn,
 Still tells the self-same story ;
 Points upward on the narrow way—
 ‘This way, this way to glory !’

I am often tired and sigh for rest ;
 The path seems long and drear ;
 And the thorns which sore my feet have pressed
 Cause pain and conjure fear.
 Yet still I mark the words of grace
 Upon each milestone hoary,
 And gain new courage as I trace—
 ‘This way, this way to glory !’

Then I think of opportunities
 Of good I might have wrought ;
 Of wasted hours under sunlit skies,
 Of foolish word and thought ;
 But light shines on each lettered rock,
 Revealing Calvary's story ;
 Speaks pardon, peace, and bids me go
 Straight on the way to glory.

XCI.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

‘Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.’

NEHEMIAH viii. 10.

GIVE a portion freely, gladly,
Let thy joys be wisely shared ;
Give to those whose lives move sadly,
For whom nothing is prepared.

Hast thou ten times more, or twenty,
Than thy brother in distress ?
Spare a portion from thy plenty ;
What remains will seem no less !

What thou hast thou didst not gather,
Not thy hand hath filled thy store ;
These are talents that thy Father
Giveth thee to make them more.

Is, perchance, thine own store failing ?
Think, then, of the widow’s cruse ;
Let no cry be unavailing,
Nor the prophet’s cake refuse !

Scattering, yet still increasing,
Wealth there is which knows no waste ;
Good bestowing without ceasing
Leaves behind a pleasant taste.

Give a portion to thy neighbour—
Kindly word and kindly deed ;
Sweet the sacrifice and labour
Which supplies a brother’s need.

Messengers of heavenly glory
Aye are watching over thee,
And the King shall tell the story,
‘Thou hast done it unto Me!’

XCII.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

‘The Lord is my light and my salvation.’—PSALM xxvii. 1.

A HAPPY year! Oh, may this prove
A year of peace and joy,
Bringing to us from heaven above
Pleasures without alloy!

A happy year! Lord, be our guide
Through paths we cannot see;
Walk ever closely by our side,
And keep us near to Thee.

A happy year! No selfish ease,
No thornless path, we crave;
But strength to labour, power to please,
And grace to love and save.

A happy year! Each day may we
Reflect the light of heaven,
So that the world may better be
For light to us that’s given.

God, grant us grace, strength, light and power;
Show us our duty clear;
Illumine Thou each passing hour;
Give Thou the ‘happy year’!

XCIII.

PEACE.

‘He will speak peace unto His people.’—PSALM LXXXV. 8.

O CHRIST, Thou Prince of peace, Thou God of grace,
With name and nature both alike sublime,
Thy servants earnestly do seek Thy face,
And cry, ‘Lord, give us peace in this our time.’

Give peace among the nations of the world ;
Grant that the noise of war we may not hear ;
Let not the flag of battle be unfurled,
Spreading dismay and terror far and near.

Give peace within our hearts, and in our life ;
Oh, let no root of bitterness be found :
Let not our souls be swayed with inward strife,
But rather let the fruits of peace abound.

Give peace in all our homes. Oh, let them be
Abodes of joy and self-denying love ;
May all our words breathe evermore of Thee ;
That we are Thine may all our actions prove.

And, oh ! give peace within the Church of God ;
Let no dissensions foil our noblest aim ;
If all cannot alike read every word,
Let this suffice, ‘Our Saviour is the same.’

Give peace in this our time ; give perfect peace :
Subdue all thoughts of anger and ill-will ;
Bid discord die, and all heart-burnings cease,
And mid the strife of tongues say, ‘Peace, be still.’

XCIV.

GOD'S REVELATION OF HIMSELF.

'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed.'—ISAIAH xl. 5

O God ! Thy glory everywhere
Is manifest to me ;
In Nature, with her thousand charms,
Thy power and love I see ;
And I would fain with heart and soul
Adore and worship Thee.

Thy glory is revealed on earth
In tree and plant and flower,
And the whole universe doth tell
Thine all-creating power.
The grateful heart fresh beauty sees
Through every changing hour.

And Thou dost show to those who hear
And heed Thy gracious call,
Thy glory in the Providence
Which watches over all—
Which guides the planets in their course,
And sees a sparrow fall.

But when I hear the voice Divine
That speaks from Calvary's hill,
E'en Providence must silent seem,
And Nature's tongue be still,
For there the glory of the Lord
The Saviour doth reveal.

The message of redeeming grace—
 Salvation full and free—
 Is here so clearly manifest,
 That all who will may see.
 O that mankind for this Thy love
 Would praise and worship Thee !

XCV.

THE CHILDREN'S APPROACH TO THE SAVIOUR.

'Forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'
 MATTHEW xix. 14.

FORBID them not—these little ones—to come ;
 Let them draw boldly near the Saviour's feet ;
 The Father of the universal home
 His child's approach with joy will surely greet.

Forbid them not the garment's hem to touch ;
 Despise thou not the true pure faith they bring,
 For he who loveth early, loveth much ;
 Deny them not the presence of the King.

Forbid them not discipleship to claim,
 Who come with brimming hearts of early love ;
 Recording angels will inscribe each name,
 And Christ's own welcome smile their claim shall prove,

Forbid them not, for with such love as this,
 Such faith and purity, almost Divine,
 Heaven's kingdom of eternal joy and bliss
 Shall brighter, clearer and more lustrous shine.

XCVI.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIFTH PSALM.

‘ His tender mercies are over all His works.’—PSALM cxlv. 9.

THOU Giver of each perfect gift,
 Whose love no change can sever,
 Thy heart is full of tenderness ;
 Thy hand is open ever.

The eyes of all look up to Thee ;
 Thy bounty nurture giveth ;
 Provision Thou dost freely make
 For everything that liveth.

And Thou art ever near to those
 Who call upon Thee truly ;
 Wilt hearken to their earnest cry,
 And satisfy them fully.

Lord, I will bless Thee every day,
 My tongue Thy love forth telling ;
 My thoughts shall dwell upon Thy grace,
 My heart with praise be swelling.

Let all mankind who find in Thee
 The love that faileth never,
 Lift up with joy the voice of praise,
 And bless Thy name for ever.

XCVII.

THE HOME OF MANY MANSIONS.

‘In My Father’s house are many mansions.’—JOHN xiv. 2.

THERE are many mansions bright and fair
In the Father’s house above ;
And Jesus, my Saviour, is gone to prepare
A place which all His friends may share
In that home of light and love ;
Then I’ll rejoice
With heart and voice,
And bless the Saviour’s grace ;
For He will come
And call me home,
To rest in His embrace.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
The bright joys I there shall know ;
But Christ, my Redeemer, my Master and Lord,
Hath left the promise in His Word
For my hope while here below.
Then I’ll rejoice
With heart and voice,
And bless the Saviour’s grace ;
For He will come
And call me home,
To rest in His embrace.

While the Saviour prepares a place of rest,
Where my future home will be,
I fain would be striving with tervour and zest,
That others also may be blest,
And may enter heaven with me.

Then I'll rejoice
With heart and voice,
And bless the Saviour's grace ;
For He will come
To call me home,
And rest in His embrace.

XCVIII.

A PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

‘ Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.’—JAMES iv. 8.

FATHER in heaven above ! O Thou who hearest !
Be near us all to-day, and to the neediest nearest.
Thy presence now we seek ; oh ! while we're seeking,
Grant we may hear Thy Spirit to us speaking.

Thou hast revealed Thyself in bygone ages
To prophets, priests, to shepherds and to sages :
Now manifest Thy presence to us plainly ;
Let not Thy servants wait upon Thee vainly.

How much we need that wisdom which prevaieth !
How much we crave Thy love that never faileth !
How much we feel our want of strength and power !
Do Thou supply our need each passing hour.

Forgive our waywardness, through Christ our Saviour—
Our evil thoughts, our sinful, weak behaviour.
O Father ! God of Love ! O Thou that hearest !
Be near us all to-day, and to the neediest nearest.

XCIX.

LIVING WATER.

‘If thou knewest the gift of God.’—JOHN iv. 10.

SINNER, if thou didst but know
God’s most gracious gift,
How the living waters flow
To each heart that’s rift,
Thou wouldst ask and He would give
Fountains, that thy soul might live.

Christian, dost thou sometimes droop
On thy toilsome road?
How canst thou forget the hope
Of the gift of God?
Draw thou near thy Saviour’s breast,
There to find delight and rest.

Waters of eternal life
From perennial fount,
Strength to help in all thy strife,
Grace for every want—
All thy needs will He supply
From the spring that’s never dry.

He who rested by the well,
On Samaria’s road,
Waits for thee that He may tell
Of the gift of God.
Come to Him, and He will give
Water, that thy soul may live.

C.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF HUMAN LOVE.

‘We love, because He first loved us.’—1 JOHN iv. 19 (R.V.).

We love, because to fill the world with love,
The Saviour came !

We love, for God is ours, and God is love !
Nature and name.

We love, because for love Divine and pure
Our spirits thirst ;

We love, because with everlasting love
He loved us first.

We love, because His everlasting love
No limit knows ;

We love, because for ‘Whosoever will’
The river flows.

We love, because the Comforter Divine
Is with us still ;

We love, because with pure desires He strives
Our minds to fill.

We love, because the Father, Spirit, Son,
With one accord,

Unite to draw, with tender, gentle love,
Hearts heavenward.

We love ; oh ! may this feeble love of ours
Still, still increase,

Till, in the home of Him who loved us first,
It ne’er shall cease.

CI.

THE VOICE OF THE DAY.

‘Days should speak.’—JOB xxxii. 7.

THE days should speak, the years should make us wise,
And every passing season ere it flies

 New thoughts impart
Of the great God who rules and orders all ;
And each new day should utter some new call
 To every heart.

The Saviour’s birthday uttereth its voice,
And bids all men in fellowship rejoice ;

 Bids discord cease.
Oh ! hear we now the message it doth bring,
And let us gladly heed while angels sing
 Of love and peace.

While Christmas bells are echoing through the wind,
May Christmas joy fill every heart and mind,

 Whate’er betide !
And may this day throughout the earth again
Speak the sweet message of goodwill to men,
 And peace abide.

CII.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

‘ Children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna !’
MATTHEW xxi. 15.

O JESUS, let Thy favour
Rest on us while we sing !
Thou art the children’s Saviour ;
Thou art the children’s King.
Thy children bow before Thee,
And worship at Thy throne ;
We lovingly adore Thee,
And all thy goodness own.

For Thy complete salvation,
Heaven’s gift to earth below,
Accept the adoration
Which from our hearts doth flow ;
And for all other treasures,
Each gift of home and friend,
For all our earthly pleasures,
Our praise shall never end.

On this our day of gladness,
United hearts we raise,
Casting away all sadness,
While thus we speak thy praise ;
Another year of blessing !
And Thou hast led the way ;
Now, all our love confessing,
We come to Thee to-day.

O Christ ! accept the praises
Our thoughts would bear above ;
Each voice its accent raises,
Our hearts' best love to prove.
Oh, let Thy loving favour
Rest on us while we sing ;
Thou art the children's Saviour ;
Thou art the children's King.

CIII.

STORM AND CALM.

‘ He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.’
PSALM cvii. 29.

LIKE storms upon the ocean are the tempests of my life :
There are dark, dark clouds of anxious care, and the
thunder-peals of strife ;
And though I fain, with helm and sail, straight on my
course would go,
Rough billows, threatening to engulf, still toss me to and
fro.
Then, in the tempests of my life, as in storms upon the
sea,
I cry unto the Lord my God, ‘ I perish—save Thou me !’

Like the calm delight of a summer's eve, when in the
rippling bay
At anchor safe my vessel rides, and the storm has passed
away,

So is the joy that on me falls when my anguished cry is
heard—
When the Saviour stills the waves of care with His
peaceful, mighty word ;
When Jehovah gives deliverance great, and grants the
help I have craven,
By bringing safe my storm-tossed bark to my desired
haven.

CIV.

THE VOICES OF THE MORNING.

‘Morning by morning He wakeneth mine ear.’—ISAIAH l. 4.

WHEN in the earliest eastern sky
The dawn begins to shine,
Morn after morn He wakeneth me
With voices all Divine.

The silent speech of day, renewed,
Whispers fresh hope to me ;
Sweet promise of a Father’s love
With each new dawn I see.

And when I hear the song-bird’s voice
Warbling its grateful praise,
A thought of wise creative power
Each clear, sweet note conveys.

And when the still small spirit-voice
Speaks to the soul within,
Joyful I wake, and with my God
A glad new day begin.

May each fresh morn, which thus to me
Is by His goodness given,
Bring wakening voices to mine ear
To speak to me of heaven !

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.

CV.

A SONG OF SUMMER GLADNESS.

‘Every good and perfect gift is from the Father.’—JAMES i. 17.

FOR the sunshine of the summer,
That makes all nature bright :
For the gladness which it brings us,
With its joyous warmth and light :
We will praise Thee, O our Father,
We will praise Thee in our song ;
While the grateful thoughts of our loving hearts
True praises shall prolong.

For the beauteous flowers and leaflets,
Which speak Thy skill and love :
For the music of the song-birds
All around us and above :
We will praise Thee, O our Father,
We will praise Thee in our song ;
While the grateful thoughts of our loving hearts
True praises shall prolong.

For the golden fruits of harvest,
Which ripen o’er the plain,
Giving bread to all Thy children,
And the seed to sow again,

We will praise Thee, O our Father,
We will praise Thee in our song ;
While the grateful thoughts of our loving hearts
True praises shall prolong.

For the message of the Gospel,
For the Saviour's life and death,
For the blessings which He gives us,
We will praise Thee with each breath :
We will praise Thee, O our Father,
We will praise Thee in our song ;
While the grateful thoughts of our loving hearts
True praises shall prolong.

CVI.

SAVIOUR AND KING.

'The Lord is our King ; He will save us.'—ISAIAH xxxiii. 22.

JESUS, holy Jesus !
Saviour of the world !
We, Thy blood-stained banner
Hold aloft unfurled.
We proclaim the story
Of Thy matchless love,
Which aloud in glory
Angels sing above.
Make us pure and holy,
Free from every sin ;
Let Thy blessed Spirit
Ever dwell within.

Make us true reflectors
 Of the world's great Light ;
 Clothe us with Thine armour,
 Valiant for the fight.

In the world around us
 Sin and darkness reign ;
 On our hearts, Lord Jesus,
 Let there be no stain.
 Thou hast died to save us,
 Thou dost live to bless ;
 We adore our Saviour,
 And our King confess.

CVII.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

‘All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.’—PSALM cxlv. 10.

ANGELS sing aloud in heaven,
 Praise and glory to His Name :
 How the dear Redeemer suffered,
 When to sinful earth He came ;
 Worthy ever,
 Worthy is the bleeding Lamb.

Nature sings with thousand voices,
 Telling of a Maker's power :
 Mountains, valleys, woodlands, rivers,
 Changeful ocean, sunshine, shower ;
 Always praising,
 Every day and every hour.

Children's voices, too, shall praise Him :
 Loud hosannas will we raise ;
 Jesus is the Friend of children,
 We will ever sing His praise :
 To His honour
 Now we tune our joyous lays.

Maker, Father and Redeemer,
 Worthy of all creatures' praise ;
 Nature, angels, saints and children
 Evermore the song shall raise :
 We will bless Him,
 We will bless Him, all our days.

CVIII.

THE LAMBS OF CHRIST'S FOLD.

'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.'
 MATTHEW xviii. 10.

THESE little ones, these little ones
 Are precious in My sight,
 And angels who behold My face
 Watch o'er them day and night.

Take heed that ye despise them not,
 But gently tend and teach,
 With smile of gladness for them all,
 And loving word for each.

These are My lambs ; feed them for Me,
 If truly thou dost love ;
 Watch them with all a shepherd's care,
 And thus thy service prove.

Let not the smallest be despised,
Or meanest set at nought ;
He who would bless the little ones
A noble work hath sought.

If thou to these be kind and true,
Hereafter thou shalt see,
That in thou didst it unto them
Thou didst it unto Me !

CIX.

BLESSING THE LITTLE ONES.

‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’—MATTHEW xix. 14.

IN the kingdom of the Father,
Children fill His heart and home ;
Let us not despise them—rather,
Fondly, freely bid them come—
Come to Jesus,
Never more from Him to roam !

May the spirit of the Saviour
Animate our heart and mind ;
That His tender, gracious favour—
Ever loving, ever kind—
In our presence
Truly, fully, they may find.

Christ bestowed His priceless blessing
On the little ones who came,
Each one tenderly caressing ;

We would ever act the same.
 Saviour, help us
 Thus to bless them in Thy name.
 Grant us all a child-like spirit,
 Pure and simple may we be ;
 Faith and love may we inherit,
 And the power of serving Thee—
 That hereafter
 Heaven's bright glories we may see.

CX.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

‘He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.’—ISAIAH xl. 11.

TENDER SHEPHERD, look on me,
 While I strive Thy lamb to be.
 I would dwell within Thy fold,
 Evermore by Thee controlled.
 When Thou ledest forth Thy sheep,
 By Thy side I fain would keep !
 Fear no danger, dread no harm,
 Sheltered by Thy mighty arm !
 If the journey should appear
 Rough and hard and long and drear,
 If I faint for want of rest,
 Thou wilt fold me to Thy breast.
 In Thine arms Thou wilt entwine
 Lovingly this lamb of Thine,
 And in safety thus convey
 All along life's dangerous way.

Tender Shepherd, take me now,
Print Thy name upon my brow ;
Lead me, guide me, hold, defend,
Till this wandering life shall end.

CXI.

THE LIGHT OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

‘Let there be light.’—GENESIS i. 3.

LET there be light in childhood sweet,
A heavenly ray to point the road ;
And gently guide the little feet
Upward and onward unto God.

Let there be light upon the way
When youth is strong and hopes are high ;
While false allurements tempt to stray,
Oh, may the true light never die !

Let there be light in manhood’s prime—
Light that shall guide, inspire and bless,
Light that shall make each life sublime,
And ripen fruits of righteousness.

Let there be light at eventide,
When strength decays and memory fades ;
When death draws near let there be light,
To lead us through the vale of shades.

Let there be light to cross the stream—
A brighter light on yonder shore,
More radiant than earth’s brightest beam,
And fading never, nevermore !

CXII.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

‘Young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise
the name of the Lord.’—PSALM cxlviii. 12, 13.

INFANT lips are singing,
Singing lowly praise,
To the blest Redeemer
In their early days !

Hear, O hear these voices,
While they sing to Thee !
Hear us, O our Saviour,
Singing joyously.

Youths’ and maidens’ voices,
Taking up the strain,
Make the vault of heaven
Echo once again.

Hear, O hear these voices,
While they sing to Thee !
Hear us, O our Saviour,
Singing joyously.

Men and matrons gladly
Joining in the song,
Swell the rising chorus,
And the strain prolong.

Hear, O hear these voices,
While they sing to Thee !
Hear us, O our Saviour,
Singing joyously.

Thus we sing our praises,
While our hearts rejoice ;
Singing sweetly, gladly,
Mingling voice with voice.
Hear, O hear these voices,
While they sing to Thee !
Hear us, O our Saviour,
Singing joyously.

Angels hear the chorus
From the earth arise,
And their answering voices
Echo through the skies !

Hear, O hear these voices,
While they sing to Thee ;
Hear us, O our Saviour,
Singing joyously.

CXIII.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

‘All Thy works shall praise Thee, O God, and Thy saints shall
bless Thee.’—PSALM cxlv. 10.

FATHER ! we praise Thy mighty power,
Thine all-abounding love,
Revealing to us every hour
Some message from above.

In all creation’s vast domain
We see Thy gracious hand !
And shall Thy wondrous works in vain
Our grateful praise demand ?

The glorious sun that rules by day,
The lesser lamps of night,
These tell abroad, in every ray,
Of Him who gave them light.

The mighty sea which Thou hast made,
The everlasting hills,
The spreading oak, the mossy glade,
The little wayside rills :

The daisy fresh from winter sleep,
Each spring and summer flower,
The seaweed wave-washed from the deep
The sand upon the shore :

The cornfields ripe with golden grain,
The olive and the vine,
With voiceless eloquence proclaim
Thy love and power Divine !

While all Thy works do praise Thee thus,
Thy children shall rejoice !
We'll praise the God who loveth us,
With heart and soul and voice.

CXIV.

PRAISE TO THE SAVIOUR.

‘ Worthy is the Lamb to receive . . . honour and glory and blessing.’
REVELATION v. 12.

OH ! what shall our song be to-day,
Our carol of praise and delight ?
Some joyous and eloquent lay,
In which all our hearts may unite !

Of Jesus we gladly will sing !
For who is so worthy as He—
Our blessed Redeemer and King ?
Of Jesus our praises shall be—

Of Jesus, who always doth love,
Where'er in this world we may stray ;
Who tells of bright glories above,
And tenderly shows us the way.

And if in the darkness we roam,
We need not to tremble or fear !
We're travelling to heaven—our home—
And Jesus will ever be near !

He'll watch o'er our footsteps each day,
Will give us the joys that we need ;
Will listen whenever we pray,
And hear when we trustingly plead !

He'll guide us and keep us from sin,
His strength and His wisdom are sure ;
He'll give us His Spirit within,
And make us more holy and pure.

Of Jesus our song, then, shall be,
Our carol of joy and delight ;
For who is so worthy as He ?
His praise all our hearts shall unite !

CXV.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN OF PRAISE.

‘Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.’—PSALM lxx. 11.

OUR song of gratitude and love
From earnest hearts we raise ;
For well we know our God above
Will own the lowliest praise.
We lift our gladsome voice
In one united lay,
While heart and soul rejoice
On this our Festal Day !

Throughout another year of days,
A Father’s loving hand
Hath guided and upheld our ways,
And caused our feet to stand.
’Tis His own power and grace
Which thus hath led us on,
And now we seek His face,
And all His mercies own.

Upon the way we’ve safely trod
We turn our grateful eyes ;
Then, trusting in our mighty God,
Press forward for the prize !
Praise, faith and prayer in one
Shall form our joyous lay,
And bring all hearts in tune
On this our Festal Day !

CXVI.

BRIEF LIFE.

‘The time is short.’—1 CORINTHIANS vii. 29.

TIME is transient, life is brief,
Days speed swiftly on ;
Pain and pleasure, joy and grief,
All will soon be gone !
Childhood’s years are fleeting fast,
None can we recall.
Spring and summer cannot last,
Autumn leaves must fall !
O that we all may faithful be,
Saviour, to duty and to Thee !

What shall be our chief desire ?
What our foremost aim ?
Lord, do Thou our spirits fire
With a heavenly flame !
Help us seek each other’s weal ;
Make us strong and wise ;
Let our earnest lives reveal
Noble enterprise !
O that we all may faithful be,
Saviour, to duty and to Thee !

Help us put the armour on ;
Give us strength to fight
Till the victory be won,
Battling for the right !
We would lift the banner high
So that all may see,

Pointing upward to the sky !
Christian soldiers, we !
O that we all may faithful be,
Saviour, to duty and to Thee !

While our transient lives remain,
While brief life is given,
Saviour, grant we may obtain
Grace and strength from heaven :
So that all the world around
Better far may prove
For the good in us that's found,
For our light and love.
O that we all may faithful be,
Saviour, to duty and to Thee !

CXVII.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

‘ Let us exalt His name together.’—PSALM xxxiv. 3.

ON this bright festal day,
While heart and soul rejoice,
We'll raise our gladsome lay
With one united voice.
Fain would we make heaven's arches ring
While thus our hymn of praise we sing !

With grateful hearts we own
The blessings Thou hast given ;
The joys which we have known
Are sweet foretastes of heaven.

And we will praise with one accord
Our Maker, Father, King and Lord.

Yet sorrowing, with distress
Before Thy feet we kneel ;
Our many faults confess,
And ask that Thou wilt heal.
Thy children plead the Saviour's name
For pardon of their sin and shame.

And for new strength and grace
We supplicate Thy throne !
May brightness from Thy face
Shine radiant on our own.
Let hands be strong and footsteps sure,
And hearts and lives be bright and pure.

Thus, on this festal day,
While with united voice
We praise, confess and pray,
Bid Thou our hearts rejoice.
Then shall we make heaven's arches ring,
While our glad hymn of praise we sing !

CXVIII.

UPWARD, ONWARD, HEAVENWARD.

'I press toward the mark.'—PHILIPPIANS iii. 14.

UPWARD, onward, heavenward,
Be our course pursued ;
Evil all opposing,
Cleaving to the good.

In the Saviour's footsteps
We would firmly tread ;
Even though for guerdon
Thorns may crown our head !
Upward, onward, heavenward,
Let our journey tend,
Toiling, fighting, striving,
Faithful to the end !

Climbing, ever climbing
Over rock and brier,
Every new endeavour
Surely brings us higher :
And, while pressing upward
In the narrow road,
Helping one another
On the way to God.
Upward, onward, heavenward,
Let our journey tend,
Toiling, fighting, striving,
Faithful to the end !

Many fierce temptations
Ofttimes will assail ;
Cling we to the Saviour,
Lest our heart should fail.
On His strength relying,
Holding fast His hand,
We shall safely travel
To the promised land.
Upward, onward, heavenward,
Let our journey tend,
Toiling, fighting, striving,
Faithful to the end !

Troubles may surround us,
Joys of earth allure,
And each glimpse of heaven
Earth-clouds oft obscure ;
Yet with faith unceasing
Hold we on our way,
Till life's changeful journey
End in cloudless day.
Upward, onward, heavenward,
Let our journey tend,
Toiling, fighting, striving,
Faithful to the end !

CXIX.

CHRIST, THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

‘ He took them up in His arms . . . and blessed them.’—MARK X. 16.

O CHRIST, who lov'dst the children
When Thou on earth didst dwell,
Receiving them so gently,
When others would repel,
The little ones still crave Thy grace :
Let faith behold Thy beaming face,
And there Thy deep affection trace :
Lord, bless the children !

Jesus, the children love Thee,
And fain would holier be ;
Grant to their hearts that pureness
Which comes alone from Thee.

Young lives, at dawn of early day,
 Seek now to tread the better way,
 And for Thine aid sincerely pray :

Lord, bless the children !

And, oh, as time swift passes,
 And young lives older grow,
 May Jesus Christ the Saviour

Go with them where they go !

May childhood's love ne'er fade nor fail,
 May childhood's simple faith prevail,
 And may glad hearts with joy Thee hail,
 The Friend of children !

CXX.

EVENING HYMN.

'Stand to thank and praise the Lord . . . at even.'

I CHRONICLES xxiii. 30.

THE day is nearly done,
 And mercies manifold each hour afforded ;
 Now with the setting sun
 We gladly own the joys to us accorded !

With contrite hearts we kneel,
 Our faults and failings candidly confessing,
 Praying that God may heal,
 And grant full pardon with His evening blessing !

We bow before His throne,
 Who through another day hath clothed and fed us,
 And gratefully we own
 The way in which the Lord our God hath led us.

Now ere the evening close,
And draw night's sable curtains all around us,
And ere we seek repose,
We pray that heaven's bright angels may surround us !

When a new day shall break,
Our lives once more to work and thought constraining,
With joy may we awake,
And find His presence still with us remaining !

And when life's day shall end,
And night of death our souls from earth shall sever,
Then may our Saviour send,
And take us where the daylight fadeth never !

THE END.

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